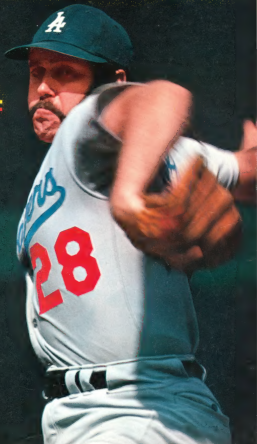


Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 12, 1974 60 CENTS

MIKE MARSHALL

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Next week

WILL THE REAL KING of golf please stand up? Jack Nicklaus may be recognized as such, but Gary Player is closing ground fast. Don Jenkins watches the Big Two vie for the PGA title.

2,000 POUNDS may not work for G. J. Simpson compared to the kind of truckin' he does in the off-season. Edwin Strate tells the personal appearance road with the Juice.

THE BOYS of Taiwan's long, long summers were soured on their baseball-mad home ground by Peter Carey, who gives a knowing, food and sometimes hilarious report.

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There are no separate courses to worry about when you plan a Chinese dinner party. Every dish is served at the same time. And you can balance your choice of dishes so that both the preparation and the cooking are simple, orderly procedures. In *The Cooking of China* you'll find dozens of recipes for "prepare early" dishes such as braised sea snail beef, plus a generous sampling of dishes such as barbecued squab which require slow, at-

tended cooking. This leaves you free for chicken with bean sprouts or another favorite stir-fry dish. To guide you in your selection, you'll find sample dinner menus with dishes that offer endless variety and are easy to prepare.

How to Create a Sumptuous Meal with a Few Simple Rules

The Chinese make preparation and cooking two separate procedures. Most preparation requires chopping and should be done in advance. Many Chinese dishes are stir-fried and timing and total concentration are important. Experimentation is a time-honored Chinese tradition. Though most Chinese ingredients now are readily available in food stores, you can substitute spinach for cabbage, broccoli for bean sprouts. Chinese cooking is done with a few key utensils. But you can improvise with items from your own kitchen. You'll find out exactly how to do it in *The Cooking of China*.

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Writing in *New York Magazine*, Gail Greene said about *Focus on the World*, "Resistance to cookbook collecting vanished . . . I have to have them all . . ." We hope you'll agree. Why not begin your culinary experience with *The Cooking of China*?

Using chopsticks. Photo top: (left) by Betty Green; Photo bottom: (left) by Betty Green



Eating with Chopsticks. Illustrated above is the basic technique for using chopsticks. However, there's no one-and-only way to use chopsticks. Simply adjust this basic grip to one that is easy and comfortable for you.



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- List of stores in the United States that accept mail orders for Chinese food.
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The L&M moment.

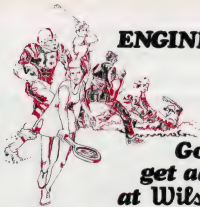
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SCORECARD

LEADING NEWSWORTHIES

THE WAR OF THE POSSES

no occasion said the headlines day after day. "The two sides are a punt return rule, a commissioner and about \$36 million apart," said John Thompson, executive director of the NFL's Management Council. "They [management] did not agree to any demand during the past three days," said Bill Curry, president of the Players Association. "They continued to try to bust this union."

There are indications, though, that everybody is beginning to hurt, and in labor negotiations, when both sides are hurting, progress is probably being made whether anyone wants to admit it or not.

The veterans were hurting because their union front was showing signs of wear. Cowboy Quarterback Roger Staubach's defection last Sunday was a blow, and it raised to 341 the number of veterans who have crossed the picket lines. ET of them regulars, or so management reckoned. The Denver Broncos and the Buffalo Bills were bastions of solidarity, but they were the only ones and O.J. Simpson said the Bills were 90% sure to be back in camp this week if the negotiations that were to begin again Tuesday produced nothing. As the number of defections increase, so will the pressure on those who remain outside the fences.

But the owners were feeling the pinch, too. The first full weekend of exhibitions set records for low attendance everywhere. In Washington the smallest crowd ever to watch pro football in RFK Stadium (36,403) turned out for the Redskins-Patriots game. The Los Angeles Times charity game between the Rams and the Browns drew the smallest crowd in its 29-year history: 28,021. At Rich Stadium in Buffalo where 99,825 showed up last year for the opening game of the exhibition season, 30,119 watched the Bills and the Packers.

Although the fans, whenever they are polled, voice no sympathy for the striking veterans, their spontaneous buy-

cut of these rookie games was support for the players' basic contention—that they are the entertainment, and therefore deserve a better share of the box office.

In the meantime the war of nerves continued. Wellington Mara of the Giants, while insisting his remarks should not be interpreted as threats, said, "I have to think there will be a terribly large turnover on our squad." And Greg Landry, the Detroit Lion quarterback who crossed the line with the blessing of his teammates to help out new coach Rick Forzano, left camp after two days because, he said, "It got around that Landry was a strikebreaker."

TALKING SHOP

When the greatest third baseman alive feels like talking about gloves, it is no good time to shut up and listen. That's what *Seamus' Series on the Baltimore* needed when the Orioles' Brooks Robinson was feeling expansive recently.

"I'm the biggest glove hound in baseball," said Robinson. "I'm always searching for the right one. I wander around the locker room testing the feel of extra gloves that players have in their bins. I've traded with lots of players over the years—both leagues—and it usually costs me two for one."

Getting the one he wants means trying out 10 to 15 different gloves. "When I find it," Robinson says, "the first thing I do is tighten up the laces to my needs. Then I usually take a little pudding out of the side of the thumb and down by the heel. Then I use it in practice for about a year before I'm ready to use it in a game."

When he is packing for a road trip Robinson wraps his gloves inside his uniform to protect them from damage in transit.

"I keep three gloves," he says. "I never use any game gloves except for game play. I have a second when I field, butting practice and another for infield workouts. Usually the infield glove is the

one I'm breaking in to replace my game glove."

Because of bigger gloves and improved playing surfaces Brooks believes that fielding is better today than 40 or 50 years ago. "I've seen the kind of glove Pie Traynor had to use to play third base," he adds in a salute to his only real competition.

LATE SUMMER LUNACY

The dog days of summer are here, signaled as always by the onset of the marathon season. Or vice versa. In Boise, Idaho, Luis Castro and Melodi Westfall, both 11, dribbled a basketball for 43 hours. Local radio stations helped out by playing proper dribbling music. In Danville, IL, 123 people played basketball in shifts for 300 hours, or 12½ days, for charity and because they had heard the record was 270 hours.

But it is Monopoly, which so far has been played underground, underwater, upside down, in a tree house and on mov-



ing elevators, that inspires unparalleled zeal among its devotees. In North Carolina two teams of players, one at a Dairy Queen in Kernersville, the other at a shopping center in Winston-Salem, vied simultaneously last week for the three-player endurance record. The Dairy Queen crowd gave out after 342 hours; the shopping center kids held on for 250. In the budget boys' wear section of a Denson department store a 34-person

continued

high school team played 1,008 hours and broke the three-year-old unlimited mark.

And in San Francisco four college students have inaugurated micro Monopoly, the same old Depression game but played on a one-inch-square board under a high-powered microscope.

Why? Why not.

CONY'S COASTER

One of the finest roller coasters left in the country is the Cyclone at Coney Island in Brooklyn. Anyone who has experienced the descent of 97 seemingly vertical feet from the crest of its first hill becomes a roller-coaster lover for life or never goes near one of them again.

So it is sad news for coaster buffs that New York City is planning to demolish the Cyclone at the end of the summer in order to add one of those ubiquitous dancing dolphin/killer whale marine circuses to the New York Aquarium, which is on adjoining land.

The idea behind it all is the rejuvenation of the decaying Coney Island community, and perhaps that is progress. But the plan strikes us as a little like floating the Statue of Liberty out to sea to make room for a miniature golf course on Bedloe's Island.

A CRACK IN THE BELL

When 55,534 people filed into Philadelphia's ancient JFK Stadium to see the NFL's ancient Bell play the Portland Storm, pessimists said they were merely the curious, and wouldn't be back. But they were: 64,719 of them watched the Bell's televised game with the New York Stars two weeks later.

Suspicion that the house was heavily papered were allayed by Bell Vice-President Barry Leib who said, after the second game, that 10,000 tickets were "sponsorship giveaways" and 19,500 were sold at group discount rates. The implication was that the remaining 35,000 were sold at face value—\$2, 55 and 58.

Then came time to pay city taxes on paid admissions, and the truth crept out—13,855 paid their way into the first game, 6,200 into the second. According to Leib man papering was club policy. "We had to get people out to see the game," he said. "And we had to let them know that the stadium wasn't really in any kind of deplorable condition."

But the papering got out of hand. "If you give away 30 or 40,000 tickets," Leib

continued, "who can figure that most of them will actually show up? If I had told the truth and said the house was papered, it would have been ridiculous. I repeated the lie to so many people that I almost started to believe it myself."

For its third home game the Bell claims to be playing it straight. "There will be no more discount rates, no more giveaways," says Leib. "From now on we're selling full-priced tickets."

A deal made before the change of heart, however, meant that even as Leib spoke, ads were running in Philadelphia papers that read: "Get your free ticket to the Philadelphia Bell vs. Memphis Southmen . . . take this coupon along with a full front panel from an 8 oz. box of Sweet 'N Low. . ."

UP THE REVOLUTION

Anticipating an athletic budget of \$3 million for 1975, the University of Oklahoma is toying around another idea that is an sure to produce revolt as inaction without representation (See *CONCERN*, March 11). Athletic Director Wade Walker now wants to auction off season football tickets with bids starting at \$1,000 for seats between the 40-yard line and 5100 for seats between the 20 and 40. At present the better seats are \$7.25 for each of five home games. At Walker's prices they would cost \$200 apiece.

We would like to report that when asked if he expected complaints, Walker said, "Let them eat cake." What he really said was, "I think you put it mildly."

TROPHY ART

After Bobby Nichols won the Canadian Open Golf Championship he posed for pictures with his family. As his trophy was the tournament trophy—an Eskimo sculpture in gray-black soapstone.

The Canadian Golf Association commissions a new work each year. This one is an Eskimo family group, the male's arm enfolding female and child. The proportions of the figures are stocky, the lines stylized, like the Mexican peasants in Orozco's murals. In short, Nichols won \$40,000 and a work of art.

What a terrific thing it would be for the dregs and game rooms of victorious athletes everywhere if the rest of the sporting world took its cue from the CGA. No more reproductions in silver plate of Victorian tea services, no leaping, harling, diving figurines dipped in

gold and perched atop Doric columns of pine and plastic. Instead, paintings and sculpture, antiquities and the work of superior artisans.

INCREPABLE PRIMER

A town in central Illinois got its name, so the story goes, when the wife of a settler spun a globe and it stopped at the capital of China. Hence, Pekin, Ill., pop. 32,000.

About 30 years ago the Pekin Community High School athletic team came to be called the Chinks, and for reasons too depressing to think about, they still are.

Now the state Human Relations Commission is requesting changes. "How about Dragons?" suggests its executive director, and preferably before a Chinese American civic group in Chicago brings suit, which it has threatened to do.

Pekin Mayor William Waldmeier, however, is not one to be pushed around. "There are better ways to help minorities than by changing names," is the way he sees it.

TEN FOR TEN

Our nomination this week for the Handicappers' Hall of Fame is Charles Lamb, racing editor of the *Baltimore News American*, who picked every winner on the 10-race card at Delaware Park on July 28.

A \$2 parlay on Swift Kick (\$7), Vanderbilt Ave (\$5), Beaubien (\$6.60), Russian Cream (\$4.20), Rash Man (\$8), Admiral Jim (\$5.60), Determined Pass (\$3.60), Forage (\$3.20), Honey Galore (\$7.80) and Machu Picchu (\$11.20) would have paid \$77,448. Lamb, not a betting man, took his in kudos.

THEY SAID IT

■ Pepper Rodgers, on retired Clemson Football Coach Frank Howard: "If Frank had known he was going to live so long, he would have taken better care of himself."

■ Al McGuire, Marquette basketball coach, on the hardship status of Chicago Bull draftee Maurice Lucas: "Hardship is the height of your heel. Hardship is not eating. Lucas is dressed like Astor's plash horse."

■ Jim Dent, longest driver on the PGA tour but not always the most accurate: "I can aimfall the golf ball, but sometimes I don't put the right address on it."

END

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HE ALSO SERVES WHO SITS AND WAITS

But baseball's best reliever—and most reluctant hero—seldom waits for long. Mike Marshall is busily working on his doctorate and a pennant for the Dodgers **by RON FINRITE**

It is best that Mike Marshall never learn that his peers—if it can be said he has any—tend to think of him as a luxury item. As an academician and a librarian, Marshall has little tolerance for those who would confuse a person with a commodity. The dignity of man is one of his enduring passions, a subject to be taken no more lightly than, say, physiological psychology, his field of scholarship at Michigan State University.

Nevertheless, when Walter Alton was asked last week to describe what the addition of this indefatigable relief pitcher had meant to his team, the Dodger manager said, "Mike Marshall gives us the luxury to do things we could not do before." He cited as a perfect example the events of that very night when Andy Messersmith, the Los Angeles starter, mysteriously departed a game against San Diego after seven innings of nearly flawless, seven-zig pitching. Naturally, his replacement was Marshall, making his 70th appearance of the season. With the brutish efficiency that characterizes his every movement on and off the diamond, Marshall mixed his favorite screwball with a good fastball and a hard slider to retire the next six Padres and preserve the victory.

"Why was Messersmith removed?" Alton was asked.

"We talked it over and decided to rest Andy for the important games coming up with Houston and Cincinnati," he replied. "And we had a pretty good man out there in the bullpen."

Was Messersmith, whose record is 13-2, miffed at being deprived of both a complete game and a possible shutout?

"So what if I go nine and get a shut-out?" he said. "That's personal baseball, and I don't believe in it. Besides, Mike had a day off yesterday and we were afraid he'd get rusty."

Two nights later Marshall relieved starter Al Downing after that worthy walked the first San Diego batter in the seventh inning. Downing was leading 3-1 despite occasional fits of inaccuracy and seemed to be pitching effectively enough. No matter, in came the ubiquitous Marshall for the 71st time. Did the Padres score another run? Is a betting man a good credit risk? Marshall not only shut them out in the remaining three innings, he singled in two of the five runs the Dodgers scored after he appeared on the scene.

But why was Downing taken out of the game so abruptly?

"He kept getting in trouble with his control," said Alton.

"We only had a two-run lead," said Downing, a gracious man. "And we've got a pretty good man out there in the bullpen."

In both instances, Marshall was a luxury. He can work so often and with so appreciable diminution of skill that a manager can rest a Messersmith or remove a slightly shaky Downing with no fear of the consequences. Because of Marshall, Alton carries only nine pitchers on his roster, although he ordinarily prefers 10. He could just as well limit himself to five—four starters and that "pretty good man out there in the bullpen."

"If he wasn't winning, I might complain about not pitching," said fellow reliever Charles Hough of Marshall. "What can you do when you're playing behind the best there is?"

Not much. After relieving Don Sutton last Friday, Marshall had appeared in 73 of the Dodgers' first 109 games, including a record-breaking 13 in succession from June 18 through July 3. During that

(continued)

Marshall, who has appeared in 72 games, thinks much of baseball is "extremely boring."





As the game unfolds behind him, Marshall warms up for another rescue mission.

period he won six, lost none and saved two. In one six-game stretch, the Dodgers won five times by one run and Marshall was the winning pitcher in all of those narrow victories. Dodger pitchers have not had two complete games in a row since mid-May and have had only 26 this year.

Complete games are indeed rare when Marshall is within hailing distance. Last year when he was with Montreal, which traded him during the off-season to the Dodgers for Willie Davis, he set a major league record by appearing in 92 games, a total he is certain to exceed this season. His record is already 11 and 6 and he has 16 saves. He could become the first pitcher to appear in 100 games in a season and the first reliever to win 20. He is, as Hough says, "fantastic."

Marshall rejects such hyperbole. He is able to do what he does, he says, because he has spent 10 years studying both pitching technique and the workings of the human body. Despite the objections of several major and minor league managers, he developed the screwball to a fine art. But Marshall is not merely a student of the game. Sometime this year he should receive his doctorate in physiology from Michigan State as the result of a five-year program of study that he describes pedantically: "I am in the College of Education, Department of Physical Education, majoring in physiology with a cognate degree in physiological

psychology. My specialty is child growth. The topic of my dissertation is *Adolescence in Males*. No one ever seems to get all that straight."

Marshall insists it is scholarship, not unusual physical prowess, that is the source of his durability. He can pitch more often than anyone else because he knows more about his body. He trains his own way, stubbornly ignoring baseball conditioning rules that were developed, if that is the word for it, in the days of the brothers Delahanty.

"He's inventive in a game that hasn't had much inventiveness in the last 100 years," says Steve Garvey, the Dodgers' first baseman who was a student of Marshall's in a kinesiology class at MSU.

"Mike believes in long-distance running, not sprints, in weight work and in a lot of muscle stretching," says Messersmith. "He knows more about what goes into the pitching motion than anybody in the world. He has learned to use a lot about the functions of the body."

Marshall's 31-year-old body is unremarkable. He is short for a pitcher—only 5' 10"—and he weighs 180 pounds. He has big shoulders and a weight-lifter's arm, but he bulges at the middle. He has long sideburns and an impressive mustache, but his curly brown hair has thinned on top. Standing one sunny day last week in the doorway of the Linné Coffee Shop at San Diego's Town & Country Hotel pensively chewing on a

toothpick, he could have passed for a life-insurance salesman.

What is remarkable about Marshall is his mind. Baseball may never have known one quite like it. "I am an educator," he explained from the improbable vantage point of the Dodgers' dugout. His teammates buried themselves with batting practice and shagging fly balls, activities that seemed increasingly trivial as Marshall removed random opinions on the human condition. "Baseball is a hobby I pursue. Other than the actual playing of the game, I find the whole of professional baseball extremely boring and mind-buffing. Oh, certainly, there are some fellows here I enjoy, but it's not the same as in the academic community. Fortunately, I'm able to see some of my friends in education during the summer. They seem to recharge me."

Marshall's idea of a night on the town scarcely coincides with the notions of the majority of his associates on the diamond. "I don't drink or smoke, so that lets me out of a lot," he says. "And I'm not interested in the idle chatter of groupies. I mean groupies of all ages, sizes and sexes, not just the young females but anyone who tries to sap some self-respect out of having us in his proximity."

On the road, Marshall lets his teammates revel in the presence of "live ones." He prefers the company of corpses. During a recent trip, Messersmith accompanied Marshall to the Michigan State anatomy laboratory, where the scholar showed his fellow pitcher what it means to have a really dead arm. "I spent a couple of hours in the lab—cadavers, the whole bit," recalls Messersmith, who didn't take physiology during his undergraduate days at the University of California. "It was one of the most amusing and enjoyable things I've ever done. What impressed me was that the whole trip was totally devoted to me. Mike is a very blunt, very honest person. Some people can't handle that. I know a lot of people think he's some kind of a bad dude because he doesn't give autographs or talk to fans. Really he's a considerate and warm person."

Autograph seekers might incline more toward the bad-dude conclusion. Once, refusing autographs to a group of youngsters, Marshall explained that he would willingly sign if the boys could show him that their autograph books also contained the signatures of their teachers and others who "were really meaningful in

their lives." The kids were understandably stunned by such a preposterous notion, and since none could produce the requisite signatures, Marshall stroked pedagogically past them.

"As an athlete, I am no one to be idolized," he explained in the dugout, urging intimate Jim Wynn's young son to take his bat and ball farther away. "I will not perpetuate that hoax. They say I don't like kids. I think that by refusing to sign autographs, I am giving the strongest demonstration that I really do like them. I am looking beyond mere expediency to what is truly valuable in life."

All around him in the ball park, Marshall saw evidence of distorted values. He thinks that the fans who enthusiastically cheer his every appearance are probably doing so for all the wrong reasons. They should applaud his performance, not his person. And the fan foolish enough to approach this very private person in public had best be prepared for a cold pitching shoulder.

"Just watching me perform does not give someone the right to steal my time off the field and thrust himself upon me," Marshall says. "To maintain that I have a responsibility to the fans is absurd. In my view, the fan either likes the quality

of my craft or not. Either way he has no right to impose on my rights of privacy. A lot of people get upset because I won't talk to them in a public place where I'm eating. That doesn't bother me at all. There's something sadly missing in these people. I feel sorry for someone so shallow. Actually, if a person walks away from me saying, 'Those damn pro athletes,' I feel I've succeeded in convincing him that the professional athlete is not so important."

The rabid, dog-loyal fan that team owners and most athletes feed off in is to Marshall a woefully misguided, possibly even dangerous person.

"The fan should enjoy the high skill level of the performer and not build anything more into it than that. For a fan to feel momentary elation or depression is a complete misapplication of values. He should enjoy the quality of performance, not the result. Our whole society is deluged with the concept that winning is all that's important. That is bull. All that's important is that the individual does the best he can. Victory does not slave me, nor does defeat depress me. The only victory for me is in the quality of the competition, not in the final score."

Marshall pounded his glove. He was anxious to take a pregame turn at shortstop, a position he played with indifferent skill in the minor leagues. For a man so ferociously cerebral, he seems uncomfortable in repose. On the field before a game, he is everywhere, ex-emising in the outfield, playing all the infield positions, his tireless arm constantly in motion. It was time to get on with the day's workout, yet he felt compelled to assail one more philosophy he considers fraudulent.

"Our Constitution is based on the integrity of the individual, but you hear coaches and managers preach that no individual should be more important than the team. Why, every individual is more important than the team. Every individual has an integrity that cannot be stolen by a team or any majority. What was it Franklin said?"

He could not think of it. Maybe it was: "They that can give up essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety." Anyway, Marshall was off and running, looking strangely like a small boy at play.

That night he would jog in from the bullpen, carefully ramp down the mound, rescue Downing and, as a true team play-

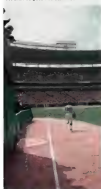
er, help achieve victory with his bat. Afterward, he would dress quickly, steer clear of journalists imposing on his privacy and retreat out of sight.

Marshall has a wife and three daughters, but he refuses to discuss anything so private as family life. He is equally reluctant to reveal what plans he might have after he achieves his doctorate. He has said before that he is fully prepared to abandon the ball park for the groves of academe, although he cannot expect an educational institution, even one as affluent as Michigan State, to reward him with a salary comparable to the \$87,500 the Dodgers reportedly pay him. The inordinate amounts paid big leaguers is merely an added incongruity in the life of an intellectual who plays a child's game so well that he keeps winning, even while daydreaming the concept of victory.

Messersmith, also a speedy dresser, was happy with the victory that kept the Dodgers 5½ games ahead of the Reds, their opponents in a key three-game series this week. "I know what Mike says about winning, and how performance is all that really matters," he said. "But there's one thing: his kind of performance leads to winning."

800

... Then he goes into action on the run ...



... and starts off the delivery with a screwball





WINNING ONE FOR THE SLIPPER

Buffy smooth as ever and still the master counterpuncher, an ailing Jose Napoles battered Hedgemon Lewis to keep the welterweight title and confirm the fact that he is still the high-priced spread **by TEX MAULE**

For middle-aged swingers, temperate horseplayers and Cuban expatriates, it could not have been a more heartwarming occasion. Jose (Montequillo) Napoles, who is all three of the above, struck a fine blow for immoderation when he outfought young, clear-cut, upstanding Hedgemon Lewis last Saturday afternoon to retain the world welterweight title, an outcome lustily applauded by some 16,000 fans in Mexico City.

Napoles is 34, going on 40. He has a strong and lasting affection for friendly women, horses that go off at 20 to 1 or worse and observing the dawn at the end,

not the beginning, of the day. Lewis is 28, plays chess, studies real estate brokerage and stays in shape between bouts. He is going to be a success eventually; first in boxing, then in whatever else he wants to do. But he was unlucky enough on this day to run into a master boxer-puncher who, even in his athletic dotage, could call upon enough memories and remnants of physical talent to take over.

The fight was stopped just before the end of the ninth round, with Lewis out on his feet after a fearful beating that had gone on for almost three minutes. He had not been put down, but that was a trib-

ute to his superb condition. He had been battered mercilessly around the tiny ring and it would have been inhumane to allow him to come out for the 10th.

Lewis had started well enough, moving quickly, flicking a left hand in Napoles' face, occasionally leading with a right hand, and once landing hard enough to raise a small lump over his opponent's left eye. A right-hand lead against Napoles used to be a no-no; his countering right over the heart was mercurial.

"That counterpunch seemed to start almost as fast as the right-hand lead,"

Napoles starts one of the left hooks to the body that eventually wore down the challenger.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB LUTER

said Eddie Fitch, Lewis' trainer, before the fight. "It made anyone who fought him a one-handed fighter. But it's not that fast, anymore. Lewis will lead with his right and not get hit."

Indeed, Lewis got away with it for four or five rounds. None of his punches did much damage but he was making Napoles miss with the counters and he was moving easily, and one had to think the weight of the years and late hours would tell on Napoles. But he was fighting a beautifully economical fight, not moving much, slipping punches or blocking them with a minimum of effort. And gradually sharpening his timing.

Early on, Napoles was countering the quick left jab with a left hook over the heart that was just missing. Then from about the third round the hook began to land, glancingly at first, more solidly as the fight went on.

Still, not all of Napoles' success was the result of his superior skill. The fight had originally been made for Aquapace, at sea level, was moved to Monterey and, finally, at the behest of Napoles' camp, to Mexico City. At its mile-and-a-half altitude, oxygen debt besets a sea-level athlete sooner or later. The ring was not much bigger than a telephone booth, another advantage for the older fighter, and the ring floor was heavily padded. After those lulls to the belly sapped his legs, Lewis must have felt he was fighting in sand.

From the fourth round on, Lewis was through. More and more often Napoles caught him with a countering hook to the belly; then he began mauling him with hooks to the head, and in the eighth and ninth rounds with almost all of his considerable arsenal of punches. In the ninth he beat Lewis with a left hook to the belly, hooked him again to the head, followed him as he wobbled backward across the ring and hit him with an even-hand right flash on the mouth. The bell rang, but the referee had already stopped the fight.

Later, in his dressing room, Napoles seemed tired, but not too much so. He had a tiny bump over his left eye, where one of the early right-hand leads had caught him, but otherwise his square,

pudgy face showed no signs of damage.

"Always, before the fight, the writers say how bad I look in the gym, how old, how hard it is for me to make the weight," he said. "Then, after the fight, they say how wonderful I am. It is always the same. Me, I feel great. The way I feel, I may be the first to fight on the moon."

Napoles had indeed experienced trouble making the weight, working hard and sweating copiously. He came in at exactly 147 pounds, after taking 15 minutes to work off a few extra ounces the morning of the fight. He was snappish with associates, probably thinking of all the fans he was missing at the track and other places. The fight was, in effect, something of a command performance set up by the World Boxing Council, whose officials had ordered Napoles to defend his title against Lewis, threatening to take it away otherwise.

Lewis weighed in at a little over 142 pounds; in the ring he appeared to be in marvelous condition while Napoles showed most of his 34 or more years.

"I'll know what kind of man I'm facing after the sixth round," Lewis had said beforehand. "I don't think he'll be around for the 10th. He'll be asleep on the canvas. I thought I won the first fight we had in Los Angeles in 1971 and I know I've gained a lot in strength and maturity since then. He's only gained 25 years."

"Mantecilla can fight forever," said Trainer Angelo Dundee after the fight. "He ages like fine wine. No waste, the old matter, the great boxer. The left hand coming into the belly—boom, boom! Then, when he brings the hands down, the left hook to the head and the right and none of them missing. You just saw one of the real great ones."

Mantecilla is Spanish for burner, and the nickname was given Napoles in Cuba because of his smooth, slippery, effortless style. On this afternoon, he made up for loss of the speed and reflexes that gained him the name with an innate sense of anticipation. It allowed him to adjust his counterpunching to compensate. By the fifth round Napoles seemed to be reading Lewis' mind: the fearful left hook to the belly would start almost before Lewis threw the left jab.

Except for a six-month period when Billy Backus held the title, Napoles has been welterweight champion for six years. He learned to fight on the streets of Havana and eventually came under the

tutelage of Alfred (Kid Rapidez) Cruz, who got his nickname from his hand speed when he was a fighter.

"I used to walk down the street in Havana with Kid Rapidez when I was little," Napoles once said. "He would pick out a boy maybe twice as big as me. If I could knock him out, I would get a silver peso, but I had to knock him out. I got a lot of silver pesos and a lot of experience."

In those days, and occasionally since, Cruz was not above a bit of black magic to help his fighter. He would bring a white chicken into the dressing room, say a little abracadabra over it, then carry it to the ring. There Cruz wore a red kerchief over his head and poured cologne over his fighter's shoes just before the bell rang—all spells designed to propitiate whatever Cuban god looks after the welfare of welterweights. As an added touch last week, a couple of bongo drummers beat out weird rhythms as the fight went on. And while Kid Rapidez wore the red kerchief around his neck under his sweat shirt, he slipped the chicken and cologne.

This was a disappointing loss for Lewis, but the odds are that he will be back. He is an exceptionally petulant young man. "It has never been my whole ambition to be a fighter," he says. "I did not like fighting when I started. I was raised in Detroit, and when I was a kid a friend of mine was a fighter. Once he told me they needed someone to fight in the 105-to-110-pound class and I would get a trophy if I won. So I tried and I went to the finals and lost to some guy named Steve Miller. I didn't like fighting that much, but I couldn't stand losing, so I went back the next year just so I could fight Miller again and beat him. I won, but Miller did not fight that year. I never have found him."

Lewis has been on several talk shows and once won a record player on *The Dating Game*, as well as a date with a movie starlet. A measure of the difference between Lewis and Napoles: "The record player was better than the girl," Lewis said.

He will probably fight Napoles a third time, maybe at sea level, and maybe he will win. It would be a nice thing for the clean lives, the young and the ambitious. As for Mantecilla, he will be back among the slow horses and the non-so-slow women. He knows which side his bread is buttered on.

BBW

MUDDLING ALONG ON A STORMY PUDDLE

Lake Erie can act up when it blows, as the offshore racers learned again in the second Midwestern showdown—and breakdown by BROCK YATES

Sandy Satallo cracked his restfully trimmed pointer into the rain blustering out of the southwest and smiled. "Good Lake Erie weather," he said, letting the drops spatter against his diving suit. "This might slow down those fast guys a little. Maybe teach 'em a little respect."

With a matter of hours to the start of the Cedar Point Grand National Offshore Powerboat Race—and with the western end of Lake Erie being scrambled by a fledgling gale—the last thing Satallo's rivals lacked was respect. As they struggled into the customized cockpits of their 1,200-hp Cigarette, Gurn, Bertram and Magnum ocean racers, nighttime recollections of last year's inaugural event on Erie swirled around them like the wind and rain. The men on the offshore circuit recall that day with much the same warm good-burner that Japanese Imperial Navy veterans reserve for the Battle of Leyte Gulf. The 1973 race, run off Cleveland, had caught Erie in another of her frequent foul moods. After only five boats had staggered home through an eight-foot sawtooth chop, the winner recording the slowest average speed (59 mph) in recent years, the racers toted up an estimated \$400,000 damage to their boats. None, respect was hardly a factor; the feeling was more one of outright fear.

"Being from an inland sort of place like Cleveland, I used to take a lot of ribbing about the Great Lakes when I first started racing," says Satallo, the cheerful campaigner of a dizzling burr-bushed brown Acura called *Cyprus*. Active after his popular suburban restaurant, "When we finally got our first race scheduled here, the guys really heated. They just couldn't imagine how running ocean racers around on a dinky little lake could be very much of a challenge. I think it was Sammy James who called it a 'Midwestern mad puddle.' Funny,

nobody seems to be calling it that this year."

"I guess I was lucky," says James, laughing. "I busted a stern drive right at the start and missed all the terrible stuff. We just never imagined fresh water could whip up like that."

Lake Erie, fourth largest of the Great Lakes, is not the everyday body of fresh water. More than 200 miles long and nearly 60 miles wide, its average depth is a puddling 62 feet. This shallowness makes it extremely sensitive to winds, which can boil up steep-sided waves in a matter of minutes. "The seas are almost impossible to read," says 23-year-old Art (Snapper) Norris, a member of the hockey family and an executive in the Detroit Red Wing organization. "Last year they seemed to come at you from all directions at once. You can see a pattern with long ocean swells, but that's impossible in these lake waves. We tore one of our stern drives clean out of the transom."

But the prospect of jackhammer seas wasn't the only unconventional aspect of this year's Cedar Point race. Where most offshore events are run by patrician yacht clubs, this one was sponsored by an amusement park. Not just any amusement park: Cedar Point, located on a wooded hook of land near Sandusky, Ohio, has the largest and perhaps widest collection of rides in the world and attracted 2.6 million people and grossed nearly \$30 million during its 116-day 1973 season. It was in the massive marina run by the park—in the shadow of its 15-story ferris wheel and the classic Blue Streak roller coaster—that the racers braced themselves for another buffeting by the old mad pond.

Erie's squalls delayed the race an hour, then mercifully subsided enough to permit a start. While smaller craft filled the field to more than 50, only 10 racers were full-blown offshore boats that can touch nearly 90 mph in optimum conditions.

Among these, four seemed to have a clear chance for victory. Satallo's knowledge of the lake was certainly a plus, while Snapper Norris was on a hot streak, his 36-foot Cigarette *Big Sister* having taken five of the past seven races. A win at Cedar Point would clinch the American championship for him.

Billy Martin, a friendly, cherubic chap from Clark, N.J., had compiled an excellent finishing record with his 40-foot *Bowyer Master* over the past several races and seemed to be on the verge of an outright victory. Surely the fastest boat belonged to Sammy James, or more correctly, his employer, the much-respected Miami firm of Bertram Yacht. Long a power and a planner in offshore racing, Bertram started campaigning in 1973 with a new generation of 38-footers piloted by James.

Bearing a striking resemblance to the Utter brothers of Indianapolis car fame, James gravely clomps around the docks in high-heeled cowboy boots, directing an endless drizzling volley of pibes and wisecracks at his rivals. Unsharpened by his reputation for being rocket-fast but rough on equipment, James usually leads every race he enters, but only sporadically finishes. Twice this season the Bertram has held up under his ragged throting and won. "She's my seven-day wonder," he said from somewhere deep inside the engine bay of the rishk red-and-white craft. Narrower of beam and thousands of pounds lighter than her competitors, the Bertram's wind-tunnel-developed hull appeared to have a decided edge in speed. Still, some experts doubted that she could resist the pounding of the lake.

"The boat's plenty strong," snorted James. "It's just that we had to build her so fast. Me and Jack [fellow crewman and expert Miami boat mechanic Jack Stateville] worked around the clock to get her done. You've gotta wonder if



we bolted everything together right."

The 187-mile race began with the furious rumble of monster V-8s echoing through the fleet of spectator craft collected off Cedar Point. The field angled east across open water, then cut back toward the collection of lovely islands that dapple Erie's western waters—waters that are surprisingly pollution free, considering the lake's terrible reputation. As the Coast Guard and race officials fretted about a possible mass collision with a 500-boat sailing regatta forming up at nearby Put-In-Bay, Snapper and Billy Martin broke clear and struggled for the lead.

It was along the western edge of North Bass Island that Eric began to misbehave. The seas swirled into nasty 6-footers, sending the boats porpoising in a series of jaw-rattling leaps. Things began to break. James watched his special Danforth compass vibrate loose. "The thing just sat there jiggling in front of me, and I remembered another guy who got cut in the face with a piece of his compass a few years back. Then all of a sudden it popped free and sort of hovered in front of our eyes. Me and Jack played catch with the thing for a couple of seconds before it just flew over the side. It was sort of funny, until I remembered it cost \$280." The loss also left the Brennan crew without any notion of the proper course to the finish, which forced them to fall into Martin's wake and hope that he knew the way.

Satullo and Norris were running easily within striking distance of the leaders when the waves began to rise. "I saw Snapper's boat take this giant jump sideways," said Satullo, "and the next thing I knew, he was flying through the air into the water. Norris is a really big kid—230 pounds—and he made a tremendous splash when he hit." Snapper's abrupt dunking was caused by a steering failure that flung *Skip Six* into an 180-degree spin.

He scrambled back aboard and returned to Cedar Point at reduced speed. Satullo jounced on for a few more miles before the mounting brackets holding his steering gear broke, and he, too, had to give up the chase.

With the rest of the field slogging far behind, James stalked Martin, confident that he could beat him in a drag race to the finish. "I knew I had more speed than Billy," James said. "That big ol' Cigarette of his was hanging and flying around, and we were just coasting along, waiting for the last few miles. I figured we had him beat. Then the distributor rotor on the starboard engine broke." With one of James's special fuel-injected 496-cu. in. MerCruiser V-8s devastated by a broken piece worth a few pennies, he had no choice but to veer off and head for port.

His horizon now clear of competitors, Martin eased back a bit on the power and coasted *Bounty Hunter* toward the finish, surviving a brief encounter with a bank of driftwood to win by nearly 12 minutes over Hal Sakken of Boca Raton, Fla., piloting an aged, 31-foot Cigarette.

Martin's victory left the U.S. title unresolved, although he would have to win both remaining California races to overtake Norris. Back at the marina, Snapper coolly announced that he is considering missing the event and gambling that Billy can't put together three in a row.

Standing at deckside and bracing himself for the traditional winner's dunking, Martin smiled and turned his head toward Eric, beyond the spinning girders of the towering ferries wheel.

"I guess we caught the lake on a good day," he said, "but it's still awful rough water—short and kind of lumpy. Our boat's bigger than most of the others. She weighs over six tons. She's like a freight train out there. Last year a 40-footer won on the lake, and we did it again. Maybe Lake Erie is just too rough and tough for the smaller boats. This is water for 60-footers."

For the old mud pond, that's a bare minimum.

END



Home from the sea, Billy Martin and "Bounty Hunter" crew saved the joys of survival.



After 671 forefingers had pressed triggers uncounted times and the snake had settled on the World Skeet Championship, the winner was a man who had never before even seen a wildgoose pit **by COLES PHINIZY**

BIG NOISE FROM SAN ANTONIO

Forty-one years ago, when skeet shooting was only 13 years old, an ancient chemical company, E.I. DuPont de Nemours of Delaware, put out a booklet explaining and praising the bumptious new sport. In its brochure DuPont went so far as to predict that with improvements in guns and ammo and technique, thousands of shooters would some day master the art of hunting whizzing doubles and even the particular horrors of station eight. To punch home the fact that skeet was a good game for almost everybody, the company prefaced its text with a photograph of the Pickens Sisters of radio fame strolling along the walk of a skeet field.

In the picture the three Pickens songsters are wearing outfits that look as if

they had been cut to fit someone like Kane Smith and are clumsily seting shotguns, making one doubt they had ever used any weapon deadlier than a parrot. Although the gun carried by one of the sisters is obviously a single-shot, their broad smiles suggest that all three had just dashed off 30 consecutive doubles from station four.

Since DuPont had plenty of powder to burn, its early claims for skeet are understandable, indeed laudable, and what the company fancied back in 1933 has become fact.

At a skeet competition like the World Championship held in San Antonio last week, almost everybody from the paramilitary to the grave gets to whang away at clay birds, in quest of a greater or less-

er goal. A skeet tournament is a multifaceted war involving complicated alliances and mince conflicts sufficient to befuddle a Metemich. There are team competitions for husband and wife, for parent and child, for members of the immediate family, as well as ordinary two-man and five-man events. While working together on such team efforts, everybody—grandparents, fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters and grandchildren—trying to beat everybody else out of individual honors and sub-honors in four gauges of gun as well as the overall four-gauge title.

Because of the tensions that can build and the moments that are often crucial, skeet has been likened to baseball and golf, but in spirit it is a friendlier game.

In a shoot-off, 84-year-old Noel Winters (top right) outgunned veterans Red Hill and William Peake Jr., for the All-Around title.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL GOODMAN

In all the World Series that he worked, was Augie Donatelli, the august baseball umpire, ever allowed to take a turn at the plate? Never. In the annual world skeet meet, by contrast, there is even a competition for the referees (as one snide skeeter has explained, to find out if they are really as blind as they sometimes seem). At the Masters in Augusta, when icy Ben Hogan was teeing up for the last hole of the last round, two down, did his playing partner ever bellow in his ear, "O.K., Ben baby, let 'er go. Stroke it, man?"

Of course not. But in skeet it is customary to lend encouragement to one's rival in a voice that can be heard through a solid lead earplug. Skeet shooters are sometimes tense and often disappointed, but they are rarely without voice or ears. Noise is their bag. Chatter is the order of the day.

To appreciate the proficiency of today's skeeters and how they have lived up to the forecast made by DuPont back in the dark ages, one need only examine some of the carnage wrought by the 441 men, women and children at the National Gun Club in San Antonio. Twenty years ago a competitor who got 98 of 100 clay birds with a .410, the little gun that spatters out only half an ounce of shot, could be fairly sure of the title, or at least a place in a shoot-off. At San Antonio 36 shooters did 98 or better, Kenny Barnes of Bakersfield, Calif. finally winning after a perfect score and a shoot-off against Richard (Red) Hill, a former .410 champion from Detroit.

In the larger gauges perfect scores have been commonplace for 20 years, but of late there have been so many in the 28- and 20-gauge that the actual 100-bird competition has become, in effect, a qualification string.

To keep the show from dragging on and on, the National Skeet Shooting Association decided last year that after four orthodox rounds of 25 birds in a shoot-off, the surviving gun would shoot only doubles in subsequent rounds. Nonetheless, in the 28-gauge event it took Dennis Thomas, a Phoenix flooring contrac-

Continued



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ter, six rounds to shake off 25 rivals. In the 20-gauge event 19-year-old Turrey Nichols of Shelton, Conn. needed seven extra rounds to win in a shoot-off field of 48. In the 12-gauge, since there are 250 birds in the regular competition, there would naturally be fewer perfect scores; still, at San Antonio there was a shoot-off field of 22 and Tio Killian, a local 18-year-old, spent six rounds getting rid of the other 21.

As might be expected in a sport where tension needs release, there is some lamenting among oldtimers about the steady march of able women and teenagers to the forefront. At San Antonio, Ralph Dameron, an ordinarily easy son of shooter from Tennessee, lamented, "I tell you the women and the kids are fouling up this game for everybody. They have keen eyes and quick reflexes and no worries, no business problems."

Although Dameron is only 44 and barely looks it, to hear him weep about his failing eyes and other incipient signs of decay one would conclude that he was an octogenarian ready for the nearest pine box.

His lament about insurgent youth is somewhat justified, though. Dameron had hoped to enter last week's champion of champions event, open only to shooters who have won a state or comparable major title, but back home younger competitors slammed the door on him, most of the slandering being done by his own 20-year-old son, David, who won the Tennessee 410, 28-gauge and overall titles. At San Antonio, David did right fine, copping a number of minor placings and scoring 545 for four gauges. Although he lost out in the overall, the ultimate goal. Decrepit Ralph did even better, taking the runner-up spots in both the 28- and 20-gauge. It was he who carried the 28-gauge winner to the sixth shoot-off round and the 20-gauge winner to the seventh.

Although he insists his eyes aren't what they used to be, in the 20-gauge competition Ralph Dameron shot through one round without a miss at 8:30 in the evening, in light so dim the breach and muzzle burn could be clearly seen. "I was shooting where I thought they ought to be," he explained.

As if there were not glory enough to be gained in the orthodox program, at

its annual meet the National Skeet Shooting Association runs two side-bur-ests known, for no good reason, as the East and West Opens.

The two oddball events are open to all 12-gauge competitors who make perfect scores in the first two days of the regular 12-gauge competition. Although both Opens attracted more than 60 guns, they are in the opinion of some dozen-year men, notably Alex Kerr of Beverly Hills, Calif., only a good way for men still in the running for the 12-gauge and overall titles to fritter away their chances. Kerr's low opinion of frivolous events carries weight on a number of counts. For one, he was something of an authority on making the most of what you have before he took up skeet. Although he stands only 5' 8", back in the early '30s he was a high jumper and once managed to get over 6' 4" while competing against Walter Marty, who held the world record of 6' 8 1/2".

As a shooter Kerr never bothered with frivolous quests, focusing on the big prizes, and in the process he won the All-Around championship five times between 1941 and 1957, as well as 10 titles in the individual guns.

No other shooter has ever hauled in half as much. To anyone who still tries to argue about this particular rule of his success Kerr points out that only one man who has distracted himself with the East-West junk has ever won the overall the same year.

Kerr's thesis is further borne out by this year's overall winner, Noel Winters, a 24-year-old building-materials supplier from Baltimore who, although he had never "won as much as a whoopee pin" in two previous world meets, resolved to ignore the trivial fluff and shoot only for the big apples.

"All I had ever gotten before was a handshake and a thank you for coming," Winters said. "Soll I wasn't about to go in the East-West and dump a shot and worry about that while trying to win something bigger."

Although he has been serious about skeet for less than four years, Winters, speaking as if he were an oldtimer, observed, "The only people hard to beat in shoot-offs are women, kids and old men. They don't seem to be aware how much is at stake on each shot. While

you're lucky to get chips off the birds in a shoot-off, a woman will be utter-dollaring them right and left." Despite the fact that he is only 24, Winters does not qualify as one of Ralph Dameron's quick and keen-eyed young bloods who are making it so rough for the Old Guard. Winters barely sees better than the average mole and wears glasses simply to avoid colliding with furniture. Abetted by specs as thick as the bottom of a beer glass, he knocked off a 99 in the 410, a 100 in the 28-gauge, a 99 in the 20-gauge and a perfect 250 in the 12-gauge for a record-tying total of 548. This put him in a three-way shoot-off against veterans Red Hill and William Peale Jr. of Austin. Not being women or headless youths, hence duly impressed by the gravity of the occasion, Hill and Peale straightaway blew shots on the fifth station of the first extra round, giving the biggest apple of them all to Winters.

Most of the honors reserved exclusively for women went to Karla Roberts, a 37-year-old Missourian who currently rules the roost much as Carola Mandel, the winsome Cuban import, did 20 years back. After a weak start in the 490, Roberts won the 28-gauge in a three-way shoot-off, lost in a three-way shoot-off in the 20-gauge event, then won the 12-gauge and overall with a total of 542. While mignon women do not have to worry about men invading their exclusive competition, they do have to be concerned about insurgents in their own ranks.

In the 12-gauge, 18-year-old Patty Lloyd, a little-known left-handed class B shooter out of Wichita, gave Queen Karla a start. Because Patty is naturally right-handed, when she first shot three years ago she did poorly until she realized her left eye was dominant and switched her gun over to oblige it. After shooting 90-93-96, scarcely better than her class B rating in the first three guns, suddenly blam, blam, on consecutive days in the 12-gauge Patty hung up perfect scores. But as they say about the 12-gauge, it is the 50 birds on the final day that separate the knaves from the kings and the maids from the queens. On the last 50, Lefty Lloyd, pretender to the throne, lost two birds to end up one point behind Queen Karla and settled back to being maid for another year.

END

RED-HOT FACTORY FOR THE PROS

While manufacturing amateur titles, a Baltimore sandlot team stamps out major league products

by JOHN SCHULIAN

Nothing about Baltimore's Swann Park suggests that it is anything but a mistake. The baseball diamond sits between a plumbing-fixtures factory and a chemical plant, an island of grass in a sea of cement. Night, light, steel-free and open, running off across three softball diamonds and down a hill that has sent scores of outfielders tumbling, and ends at the bank of the murky, tugboat-speckled Patuxent River. Behind the industrial fences in left and center are railroad tracks that occasionally give hitters moving freight cars for a backdrop.

Despite the clamor of the passing trains and haze from industrial smokestacks, Swann Park is a garden spot for major league scouts. From this welter of inner-city funk have come more than 100 professional baseball players, their talents refined at ages 16 to 19 on a team sponsored, in the best sandlot tradition, by a tavern and a used-car dealer. The names of those players keep the scouts coming back: Reggie Jackson, Al Kaline, Ron Swoboda, Dave Boswell. Even that old harmonica, Phil Lina.

It is with athletes such as these that Johnny's Used Cars or Leone's Tavern or Leone's-Johnny's, as The Team variously has been known, has won the amateur championship of Baltimore for 21 consecutive years. Johnny's is presently closing in on a 22nd title, in the process punching its ticket to Johnstown, Pa., and this week's national All-American Amateur Baseball Association tournament. The Team has won this mid-August test of pride and strength five times, including the last two years. It has come in sec-



end on four occasions, although second is a word rarely used on The Team. Winning all the time is its credo, and its record of 1,501 victories against 205 defeats comes as close to winning all the time as decency allows.

Like most good things in Baltimore, The Team started over a beer. Ray Muhl, an ex-shipyard catcher built like a two-car garage, drank the beer one spring night in 1952 and ribbioned on the difficulties of financing an amateur baseball team, even when it was composed of the best kids in the city. Muhl threw his pitch in what he figured would be the right place: Leone's Tavern. Dominic Leone, whose slobby eyes disguised his shrewdness, was known to have a soft spot for seeing his tavern's name across the front of uniforms in any sport as long as the people in the uniforms won. He enticed his two brothers into joining him and they sent their first baseball team onto the field in used Brooklyn Dodger uniforms that were overpriced at a dollar apiece.

The original team was built around kids who were as much a part of South Baltimore as Leone's Tavern. They had grown up in row houses where the lawns were cement, and cinnamon from the McCormick plant spiced the air. They took nearby Port McHenry for granted, but were never blasé about any game involving a bat and ball, even if the bat was a broom handle and the ball was made for tennis. The best of those baseball jankies was a scrawny pitcher-outfielder from Southern High named Al Kaline.

"Al was playing for United Iron and Metal the same time he was playing for us, so he'd have to change uniforms in the car while he was going from one game to another," Dominic Leone remembers. In his last game for The Team Kaline scored from first on a double, paving out as he crossed home plate. Today Kaline says it was all a lot of flannel he'd do after three years of trying to be perfect for an armada of major league scouts. Leone names the swoon on the soggy, soggy photo of a tropical Baltimore Jane. Winchester, Kaline was revived in time to sign with the Tigers for \$30,000, and Leone's had a leg up on a legend.

The job of pushing The Team the rest of the way fell to Walker Youse, the coach of Calvert Hall High School, who once ordered Kaline walked four times in front of 35 dismayed scouts. After a season working with Muhl, Youse took over Leone's by himself in 1957. The result was The Team's first championship in Johnsown, a victory that revealed everything anybody ever needed to know about Youse. Two FBI agents let him con them into allowing Leone's best pitcher to play in the deciding game before they took him away for failing to report on time for National Guard duty.

Youse has been getting his way for most of his 59 years. World War II prevented him from becoming anything more than a semipro centerfielder from West Baltimore, but when he came out of the Navy in 1947 he immediately became manager of Seaford, Del. in the old Eastern Shore League, even though he had never played an inning in the pros. After another season managing at Welch, W. Va., Youse

continued

IN THE TRADITION of Reggie Jackson and Al Kaline, Willie Andrews is sought for The Team.



MAMA LEONE posed. The Team in para while her sons get trophies for the bar.

came home to build a kingdom in American Legion hall that cost him at least four jobs.

Not surprisingly, Youse's longest-lasting job has been in baseball. After 18 years with the Baltimore Orioles he is their East Coast and Caribbean scouting supervisor. Certainly he looks the part with his mahogany tan and broad backside; one of Johnny's stans from last season claims that Youse wears his pants so high on his squatty body that he has to reach over his left shoulder with his right hand to get his wallet.

He got his first job with the Orioles as a reward for helping them sign Barry Shestrow, a slick centerfielder who had followed him from Legion hall to Leone's. Savvy and good taste in ballplayers quickly boosted Youse up the organizational ladder. In 1966, realizing that the more time he spent on the road searching for talent, the less time he had for The Team, Youse began looking for someone to replace him as manager. He settled on loyal Bernie Walter, who was cut twice before he made The Team as a

shortstop in 1961 and later was moved to write a term paper at the University of Maryland about Leone's Johnny's. "He's a winner," Youse says.

Little doubt exists that Walter inherited many of his values from Youse, who is said to have responded to elimination from one AAABA tournament by burning his uniform in the ball park parking lot. Nor is there much doubt that Youse, who now functions as general manager, is still the dominant force on The Team, even though his crust is not as tough as it once was.

Youse's specialty has always been profane sermons against pleasures of the flesh. Time has forced him to devote almost as much attention to coiffures. "Long hair is fine," he says. "Just don't bring it to the ball park." Still, he has nodded to the point where second-year players can get away with calling him Walter, and boldness reached new heights last season when the blue ball bag Youse never lets out of his sight became known to The Team as Walter's Son.

"You can see how much our kids have changed today," says Youse. "They don't have chips on their shoulders. They're not fighters." What they continue to be are quality ballplayers, who are either sought for American Legion or too young and inexperienced for a fast college summer league. "It's the best thing that can happen to you if you want to play pro ball," says Rick Serger, a Leone's graduate who caught for five years in the Met's organization. "If you can make it through a summer with this club, I'll guarantee you can make it through any minor league camp."

Johnny's plays eight games a week from June through the middle of August, a considerable number by any team's standards, but that may be the least demanding aspect of the program. The venerable twilight league ritual of showing up at 5:55 for a six p.m. game has been scratched by the management, which has told the players to arrive for infield and batting practice not later than 4:30. That means it is advisable to be there at four.

"Sometimes I think the games are easier than the practices," says Bernie Walter. "Our pitchers may throw harder in batting practice than the pitchers we face in the game. Our infielders are taking ground balls. Everybody's doing something, and everything our kids do on the baseball field is observed by somebody. We practice with pressure."

It is not unusual to see Johnny's stay after a game to work on sliding or relay plays while the team it has just thrashed goes home to showers, food and girl friends. "Everybody believes he's going to play professional baseball," says Lehigh University pitcher Paul Hartzell, who won 17 games without a loss for Johnny's last summer. "When you're all working for the same thing, it's really very easy."

For two years it was easy enough for Chris Knapp. Then this spring, Knapp, a 3.9 student in economics at the University of North Carolina, decided his summers should include more than catching five games a week. "There are times when I'd just like to go home after work and read a book or play tennis with a friend," says Knapp, who is in his third and final season with Johnny's. He thought a knee condition was going to get him off a year early, but it cleared up and he tried to talk his way out of playing. Youse and Walter, afraid it was too late to line up a quality replacement, would not let him go. "We made a deal where I'm going to get some time off," Knapp says. "I don't know exactly when though." The important thing for Youse and Walter was that they had back a hitter who is now batting .431.

The price of fielding The Team has become faster than its catcher's batting average. In 1972 two of the Leone brothers decided that they were in over their heads, no matter how many beers they sold. Not that they had failed to capitalize on The Team's success. They had scrapbooks full of newspaper clippings and trophies in the tavern's front window and on top of the piano and air conditioner. Dominic, the late Leone associated with The Team—he also dropped out in 1973—had perched the publicity into a seat on the city council, where in one of his rare speeches he introduced an anti-beanball bill. The cost of sponsoring The Team had shot from \$1,000 a year to a minimum of \$5,000, and since 1970 the Leones had been sharing the burden with Maryland's busiest car dealer, John H. Wilbanks, who says, "The H is for Handsome." Sharing did not do anything for the ego of Georgian-born Johnny, who already had made a local name for himself as a big spender. He backed everything from girls' softball teams to country-music radio shows, and last season The Team was all his. Wilbanks, who claims the world lost a great

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hitter when a train crushed his legs 30 years ago, has not made a secret of his benevolence. "I wish I'd had a sponsor like me when I was playin'," he says.

Youse has found Wilbanks on the up and up, which is sometimes more than can be said of Youse, at least on the diamond. In The Team's formative years many pitchers learned the spitball from Youse. The balls that were not dampened were often frozen. Youse even had a tree house, equipped with a high-powered telescope, built in center field at Swann Park to steal catchers' signals. The justification was that such trickery was the equalizer when Youse's kids ran into ball clubs loaded with ex-professionals. "Now that we have powerhouses of our own, we don't do that kind of stuff," Youse says.

It would seem, however, that The Team has been a powerhouse all along. Leone's 1959 All-American Amateur Baseball Association champions had six pitchers sign with the Orioles, and two of them, Tom Phoebus and John Miller, made it to the majors. After Leone's win in Johnstown in 1967, 15 of the 18 players on the roster signed pro contracts. The best pitching The Team ever received—42 shutouts in 86 games—came last year. The pitchers who threw most of them, Mitch Lukevics and Hartnett, were from Pennsylvania, a point some of The Team's old enemies tried to use to shut out Johnny's this year.

"When they go and import kids from out of state, we don't feel that's what the amateur program is for in the city," said ex-beaten Loch Raven Coach Charlie Sullivan. In the past there had been complaints about Leone's being an Oriole farm team (the creation of the major league draft ended that talk), about players being paid (they were, if you consider Maria Leone's spaghetti dinner a salary) and about stealing players (Youse has always thought that if a player beats you, he should be playing for you). But this time the complainers were on more solid ground than before. Loch Raven used it as an excuse to lead an exodus from the city's Tri-Club League, where Johnny's rules, to the Hot Shore League, where there is no Johnny's. Four other Tri-Club teams followed.

The Tri-Club League, which constitutes the heaviest part of Johnny's schedule with three games a week, was left with a skeleton of four teams. Then The Team flexed its muscles. At Youse's suggestion,

Wilbanks decided to sponsor a black team in the Tri-Club. Youse and Walter talked three strong teams in Washington, Virginia and southern Maryland into forming a Saturday alliance called the League of Champions. And just in case anyone still thought Johnny's had been humbled, Walter announced he had picked up five out-of-state players and four more from the teams that had abandoned the Tri-Club League.

The Team's antagonists call the imported talent outsiders. There has never been more of an outsider than Reggie Jackson, who was Leone's first black player. Jackson, in Baltimore for the first time to visit his divorced mother, did not know the racial situation when he called Youse for a tryout in 1965. Youse did not know Jackson was black because, says Reggie, "I could talk like a white boy." When Jackson showed up at Swann Park, his A-frame torso advertised by a tight T shirt and shorts, Youse had him hit, run and field against the best players on The Team. After watching Jackson put on an exhibition he has seen no other amateur equal, Youse is supposed to have said, "He looks whiter all the time." Youse denies the story now. No matter, Jackson became a pioneer, a reluctant one who purposely missed a road trip to rural Virginia for fear of what might happen to him there.

"I guess we were prejudiced," Dominic Leone admits. It was a polite thing for him to be as a councilman who represented a district where blacks were unwelcome. "I had a lot of friends who still won't talk to me because Reggie played for us," Leone says.

The name of The Team may have changed, but Jackson is still being used as a measuring stick. "That's the way Reggie used to hit them," Jimmy Foy, one of The Team's coaches, said admiringly as he watched a youngster named Willie Aikens slam one batting practice pitch after another toward Swann Park's distant softball field.

Aikens is from South Carolina State College and is 6' 3", 230-pound replica of Kansas City's John Mayberry. When Aikens was not working out as a defensive end this spring, he was playing college baseball and batting .472 with 11 home runs and 40 runs batted in. George Henderson, who recruits talent for The Team as fervently as he runs a sporting-goods store for Brooks Robinson, decided Aikens would give Johnny's the crunch it



JACKSON STILL GETS YOUSE'S PITCHERS

needed after watching him decimate Morgan State. A few smooth words from Henderson after that game and Aikens was ready to sign on before bounding the bus back to South Carolina.

Foraking the catcher's mitt he used at college for the first baseman's glove Youse and Walter say he will wear as a pro, Willie came out swinging in Johnny's first Tri-Club League game of the summer. The victim was Kelly Post 140 of the American Legion, which had ignored the great deflection. Aikens drove in three runs with two singles, one of which was hit so hard that the rightfielder was picking it up when the second baseman was still reaching for it. "He gets it up in the air," Youse said, glancing at the Patuxent River, "and you're remas ere tugboat."

There was a celestial quality to Aikens' slugging and to the 15-outfielder, three-hit pitching of Chuck Porter, a right-hander from Clemson, as The Team won 8-0. Still, Bernie Walter saw evils to be excused. One base runner lost valuable ground by rounding second too widely, and another nearly was picked off third. Minor transgressions, perhaps, but they could prove fatal in a big game, and that is not the way Johnny's plays baseball. Because Walter would have to talk to The Team about that.



HOW DOES IT REALLY FEEL?

by ROY BLOUNT JR.

The pain and glory of pro football are exemplified by the players' hands, so brutally exposed to injury, so vital to victory

One afternoon during practice I was watching the linemen pound away at each other—wump, clack. Guard Bruce Van Dyke paused to say, "What are you doing?"

"Trying to get a feel for this," I said.

"If you really want to get a feel for it you should get on some pads and get out here and get blocked," he said.

"Well," I said, "I thought I would get a feel for it by asking you how it feels."

"I try not to notice how it feels," he said. "If you felt it, you wouldn't do it."

I admired Head Coach Chuck Noll's response when a reporter came up to him after the Steelers' loss to Cincinnati and asked, "How do you feel?"

"It hasn't changed," said Noll. "I still feel with my hands." Often, you had to hand it to Noll.

So I thought I might try testing the question of how pro football feels by asking players about their hands. One conclusion I was led to from that line of questioning was that pro football feels terrible.

On the backs of their hands and on their knuckles many of the players had wounds of a kind I have never seen on anyone else: fairly deep digs and gouges that were not scabbed over so much as dried. They looked a little like old sores on horses. The body must have given up trying to refill those gouges and just rinded them over and accepted them. During the year, at Noll's suggestion, the offensive line did the backs of their hands a favor by adopting the thick black leather gloves that fighters use for punching a heavy bag. Before he started wearing those gloves, Van Dyke said, the backs of his hands were so sore all season from banging into defensive linemen's ribs that he hated to shake hands.

Different Steelers taped their hands all different ways: the middle two fingers together; the last two together; or just one or more jammed fingers taped singly for support. A jammed finger hurts less after it is taped. Craig Hannerman boasted that he and Mean Joe Greene were the only two defensive linemen on the Steelers who didn't tape and pad their hands

and footpads heavily. I asked him why he didn't. "Just to be tough," he said in a self-deprecating way. But he did tape each of his fingers, because they were always jammed or broken from catching on opponents' helmets. Lloyd Voss, a Steeler defensive tackle who retired after the '72 season and is now with the New York Stars, used to tape all his fingertips, because otherwise he often would have his nails jerked out. He also used to bring his small daughter into the dressing room, causing some consternation. I

"I've never broken a finger," said Greene. "I had 'em stepped on, twisted, but not broken. One time I grabbed at Jim Plunkett and my little finger caught in a twist of his jersey and he ran for a ways dragging me that way, by my little finger. That turned my little finger around, but it didn't break it."

Most of the defensive linemen had broken many fingers. "You can't play football, I don't care what position, without hands," said Defensive End Dwight White. "I use 'em to pull, knock down, grab. Hands are as important as eyes."

He glanced down at his. "See this finger," he said. "I got it jammed five years ago, and it's just started to straighten out. See that finger. Can't wear a ring on it. I got some of the ugliest fingers in the world. They get bloodshot from licks. Come in with the whole end of it brown from biting."

In '72 L.C. Greenwood looked down in the middle of a play to see the upper two-thirds of his middle finger completely twisted around backward and crossed over the ring finger. "I couldn't figure out what had happened. So I fixed it right there in the middle of the play and went on." He had it splinted and played with the splint on, and now that finger sticks out at a grotesque angle. He said he would get it straightened after he was out of football; no point doing it until then. It hurt in cold weather, he said.

Pats Holmes, a tackle, pounded the insides of his wrists—where the veins, and tendons that suckers sit—are—in sand to toughen them up.

Safety Mike Wagner said he broke

continued



three fingers in his first year in the pros from grabbing at receivers, so now he tries to keep his hands out of his tackles. It is good tackling technique in the open field to use your shoulder and body instead of your hands anyway, he pointed out.

Receivers, running backs and quarterbacks could hardly keep their hands out of play, and they had to use them too subtly to be able to tape their fingers. "My fingers was jammed," said Quarterback Joe Gilliam. "Stepped on. Pep 'em on helmets. Holding on to the ball while people are trying to pull it away. Every time one gets jammed you have to alter your grip, and that makes you anticipate your throw. Makes you think about it. That's bad. My two little fingers never will be the same. I jammed the right one in camp last year and it's still bothering me. Imagine what somebody like John Elrod or Sonny Jurgensen's hands are like, who's been playing so long."

"I don't hold," maintained Guard Sam Davis. "If I know a guy's going to beat me and get the quarterback, then I'll hold. Otherwise I use my fists. Hit him with my fists, catch him on the side, uppercut him in the ribs. Make contact with your shoulder and then come up with your hands; it's like a second arm coming in to hit him. You buff your hands up so you have a firm type flat vibration." But Sam got called for holding a number of times during the year. "I'll put together a film to send to the league office, showing Sam getting called for clean hits and other linemen holding blatantly without getting called."

"There isn't a play run," maintained Punter Bobby Walden, "when holding couldn't be called."

"That's an old wives' tale," said Center Ray Mansfield. "But if I'm holding on purpose, there's no way I'm going to be caught at it."

Things fall apart if the center cannot hold.

"Hands are all in your head," said Wide Receiver Glenn Scott, of the concept "good hands." "A great receiver is totally relaxed from the waist up. The receiver's face is not all tight. He relaxes as his jaws hang, he eases, and he takes it real soft."

Some of the receivers worked patty in their hands to keep them strong, or squeezed rubber balls, or just spent a lot of time carrying a football around and tossing it from hand to hand. "In the off-season I spend 10 minutes a day with each

hand dropping the ball and catching it," said Wide Receiver Ron Shunkin, a great man for getting at the ball as well as for hauling it in.

That is not easy, holding a ball out in front of you in one hand, releasing it and then catching it in the same hand. Wide Receiver Barry Pearson, the player you would think of first if you thought "ware-handed," said his hands weren't big enough to do that. He relied on concentration. "I watch the ball all the way in. You can't let the point hit either of your hands; it should come between them."

"Lots of guys have good hands and nobody knows it," said Receiver Coach Lloyd Taylor, "because they don't have the concentration." He put the Steelers receivers through a number of drills to make them concentrate on the ball.

He would throw them knuckleballs, floater, end-over-ends. "I learned a lot of hard-catch drills when I was playing. You'd go out for a pass and they'd wave a towel at you, even throw weeds at you. Big handful of weeds! You'd say, 'What was that?' But then in a game you're used to distractions and you don't flinch."

"Another thing about receivers is when they get hit by somebody when they're coming over the middle. They come through the middle just fine, they're also warning it. They don't want to catch it. I always thought about two things when the ball was coming: catching the football and getting hit. Always expect to get hit when I caught the football. Expect somebody to tear my head off. Then I wasn't surprised."

You never get far from contact in discussing any aspect of football. But the contact of ball on good hands is a special kind. The ball is hard and the receiver's hands are also hard. But a pass goes off at the end, or over it or, more softly, it, or perhaps instead of splat when the right touch gets ahead of it. "You don't fight the football," someone said, from hands in velvet gloves.

"See those hands," said Kansas City scout Lloyd Wells as we watched a college receiver go out for a practice pass. "Those are bound hands. You be scotching long enough you can tell. The sound of 'em. Ball bounced off before he caught it. Plus the fact that the ball made him waver, it made him verde, it made him start to go raggledy-deggledy."

Wells said Jimmy Hines, the track star

drafted by the Chiefs, "could fly on a pattern. Thought he was going to be another Bob Hayes. Run fast, fast, fast. But he could not catch the ball. Not with a basket could he catch the ball. Hank Strick did everything he could to make him a wide receiver. Used to take him out and throw him 200 and 300 passes. Made him walk around with the ball. He could not catch it."

Players who handle the ball frequently develop a callousness of hands. Field-equipment manager Jack Hart said he could spin a ball and tell whether it was balanced. Referees would reject a game ball if it had a little bulge around the laces or if the black stitching around the laces didn't follow exactly the black line around them. "Guys claim the right ball is fatter because the white stripes make it look that way," said Hart, "so we use those in practice a few days before a night game. A dark ball is better to grip. A lighter-toned ball is slippery."

"When you can get a good ball," said Quarterback Terry Hanratty, "you just want to stay with it. Some are slack and some are fatter than others. Not all will look at it and say no, that ball's not fatter, but unless you've thrown the ball as long as a quarterback has you can't tell."

Bradshaw and Gilliam both have big hands, like most quarterbacks and base-ball pitchers. I told Bradshaw I'd seen a picture of him and President Nixon comparing hands, palm to palm, in some White House ceremony, and it looked like their fingertips matched exactly. "Nixon must have big hands," I said.

Bradshaw said, well, Nixon had cheated up on him a little bit from the bottom.

Wide Receiver Chuck Davis said he'd had to stop working on cars, which he loved to do, because it sat up his hands too much and it was bad for a receiver's hands to hurt. Lashed him, "Can you do anything special with them because they're a receiver's hands?"

"I can do this," he said, and he crossed his middle finger over his fourth finger and his ring finger over his little finger at the same time, without using any of his other fingers to help them make place.

Now that, I thought, is a good little index to a receiver's hands. I was talking to one of the linemen about hands and I said, "Dixie can do this." And I did it.

Giddy enough I could only do it with my left hand. Still, it must not be much of a hallmark of receivers' hands. Unless ... unless ... One afternoon during a

Steelers practice, when I was all dressed up in sweat pants and a yellow jersey and shoes with lots of short plastic cleats for artificial turf. Placekicker Roy Gerela started kicking me passes and I looked marvelous. I don't think any other part of my body could conceivably make it in the NFL. Once I scrambled down a gravelly hill in front of a scout and at the bottom I said, "Pretty good feet, huh?" and he said, "Yeah. If you had one more of 'em you might be a player." Once in the dressing room the trainer came up behind me and knoaded me at the base of the neck. He acted as though I didn't have any muscles there. "We don't get many in here like you," he said. That made me feel wonderful.

But my hands were nearly as big as Bradshaw's (about the size, then, of Nixon's). I am a third baseman in Central Park softball, and playing third base requires quick hands. I was catching passes from Gerela and a wave of competence came over me. Not only was I catching the ball nicely with my fingers... *R. p.k.*... but I actually felt it was moving well. I was catching the ball at the sidelines and putting both feet down deftly in bounds.

"Hrm. Sports Illustrated, eh?" said Gerela, and it sounded vainly like an acknowledgment. I trotted off the field and Dan Rooney said, "You looked like you knew what you were doing out there." The man who directed the club? I think I may have told him as modestly as possible that I caught the only forward pass completed all season by my dorm floor in freshman intramurals in college.

Still I had a great reluctance about asking the quarterback to throw to me. Once when Bradshaw was working his arm back into shape I ran out and he overlooked me. I may be the only person of my speed ever to be underthrown by Terry Bradshaw. I think he was afraid I would fly apart if he hit me. Or maybe I looked even slower than I was. At any rate I knew it wasn't doing his throwing any good, throwing to me. So I never asked him to throw to me again. Photographer Walter Jones did, though, and he barely got his hands up in time. "All of a sudden the ball was just there," he reported. "The ball came in a lot."

In Palm Springs (preparing for the playoff game with Oakland, the Steelers were very loose. They were usually loose, but in Palm Springs there was a lividness, almost, in

the air. Which Noll, as you can imagine, did not approve of. When Guard Moon Mullins puffed too slowly for his taste, though the rest of the offensive line thought Moon was puffing hard, Noll said in a very hard voice, "If you can't run any faster than that, maybe we've got the wrong people out here."

But generally the tone of things was very relaxed in Palm Springs, and I was spending even more time than usual with the players, since they didn't have homes to go to. One afternoon in practice I found myself catching up for Bradshaw. When quarterbacks warm up, they have someone else catch the ball when it is thrown back, so as not to take a chance on burning their fingers. Bradshaw was throwing to someone next to Hannatty and Hannatty was throwing to me.

One problem was that I was wearing street clothes, including a shoe whose crepe sole was loose and flapping. Another problem was that I have never been able to throw a football very well. I have a good arm in softball. Ask anybody. But I throw a wobbly pass.

So when I tossed the ball to Bradshaw after Hannatty threw it to me, I looked bad from the beginning. I admit that. And the fans got on me for it.

There were fans watching. Local people who had nothing better to do on a weekday afternoon (I don't think anybody in Palm Springs has much to do; everybody looks rich. I hate Palm Springs) were clustered around the field watching practice.

But, hey, I was catching the ball. I would run a little pattern in the end zone and Hannatty would pop it to me and I would catch it with just my hands. "Great hands, terrible arm," laughed Hannatty once. I disdained the use of my arms and body, in part, perhaps, because I was mindful that Chris Speier, the San Francisco Giants' shortstop, had caught passes from the Steelers quarterbacks one afternoon and the next day the insides of his arms were black and blue. I wasn't going to utrap the ball up desperately. I was going to flick my hands out there like magnetized rags and just ask that ball, I did that. Twice. That pebble grain feels good, like living skin on the whorls of your fingers.

Twice. Or maybe three times. Then my hands gave out on me. I may have been working too much, and therefore became self-conscious. But it was also true that my hands got numb and leathery. I would

put them out like before and there would be a sort of splatter, or splatter, as the ball struggled in them as though frightened and squirmed through. Once, trying not to tighten up, I overreacted and the ball gave up my fingers and went zooming way beyond me. "How did I ever catch something like that?" I began to think.

Bradshaw was taking part by coming up heavily behind me like a defender. Footsteps. Like a coward, I would shy away and reach out at the ball awkwardly. Now I am not thoughtfully frightened of running into big strong people. I wasn't afraid of bumping into Bradshaw. It was just that I didn't feel I belonged there anyway, and if Bradshaw wanted to be somewhere my instinct was to get out of his way.

But I should have flung my body at the ball if I couldn't get my hands to perform. Stop it some way. The ball, though, is hard, and it has that blunt point, like an unsharpened stake. For the first time in my life I had balls coming at me, which if I missed them would smash my face.

"Sacrifice your body," cried a still small voice in my head.

"How about my pride?" cried a louder, more vibrant one.

And the fans' voices did me no good at all. They were growling and yelling and hooting, especially when I tugged over the pitcher's mound deep in the end zone and went sprawling, tearing the knee of my pants. "Here! Let us do it! He can't do it!" several adolescent boys cried out. "Oh, God!" some witness cried in perverse delight.

"Now you know what we have to put up with," Bradshaw said softly.

I persisted naggled, and finally Hannatty and Bradshaw were through warming up. I took a nice soft one from Hannatty over my shoulder, spiked the ball to spite the crowd and trotted handglove over to the sidelines. Dan Rooney looked away.

There was an 18-year-old girl around the pool at the Gene Aubrey Hotel, where we were staying, who was so wonderful-looking it made you mad. I'm not even going to try to describe her. She wore a terry-cloth bikini, which you could not have dried off a little mouse with. I think she was why the Steelers lost, if she bothered them as much as she did me. She was there with her mother. A Steeler went out with her one night. It was a chaotic evening: her mother and a teammate were along—but the next morning a non-

Continued



player made a funny, disparaging, indecent comment on the Steelers' ineptitude, socially and athletically.

I relayed the remark to Linebacker Andy Russell shortly before his receiving experience began. He didn't really laugh. "That's cold-blooded, as the guys say," he said. When I came to the sidelines in disgrace Russell was standing there. I was filled, as I approached him, with the realization that as tight as I might be with the Steelers, for a scribe, I didn't have the license to exchange cold-blooded talk with them concerning on-the-field matters. I shifted the focus of my cold-bloodedness. "The fans hate me," I said. "I hate the fans."

"You loved that, didn't you?" said Russell, smiling.

Lord? I was startled. I felt terrible. I had abused all those passes. . . .

"Journalistically," I conceded.

As I was getting some faint measure of foal for the game, the Steelers were loving theirs; it is hard to be intense in Palm Springs. Some interesting things happened. Art Rooney, the owner, used the term "bikiniens"—as it bled sky-bulging words: Joe Greene ate hot sauce until, according to some observers, steam rose from his head; a Steeler got a free wage at a local parker by telling his musee was she was under arrest; Van Dyke exemplified cold-blooded football hunter by saying compassionably to Bobby Walden, who'd been having an uneven season punting and was getting up in years, "Well, this is about it for you, huh, Bo?"

Van Dyke also confessed doubts on the part of the offense: "When we get down close to the goal, we're wondering if we can score. You're not just doing your job, you're asking yourself if you can score."

A sobbing anonymous father called the hotel from a Pittsburgh hospital to ask whether Greene and Linebacker Jack Ham would talk to his dying young son. They strayed to hear the boy's weak voice. "We're going after those Raiders," Ham told him. "Are you going to watch this one?" The father said he didn't know whether he would live long enough to see "Joe and I will come and watch you play football when you get better," Ham said. The boy's answer was inaudible. Ham and Greene were shaken.

"The Raiders are just like any other bunch of kids who like to beat up another bunch of kids," said their great receiver, Fred Biletnikoff. But they were also the kids on whom the Steelers had

perpetrated The Inmate-Rate Receipt in the play-off the year before. And Oakland was where things had been so favorably wild for the Steelers six weeks before. On the way out onto the field Bradshaw slung his golden arm over my shoulder and sang a country song he said he'd written: "Hello, trouble. . . Come on in. . . Ain't had no trouble since you know when. . ." Whatever the sideline equivalent of being on the edge of your seat is, the Steelers were. I found myself sort of bouncing in place like the players, and stopped, feeling silly. The fans were primed. They were holding signs that said **NO MORE BRADSHAW** and **YES! WE GREENE MEANS FANTASY FOOT.**

Just before the half Bradshaw hit Barry Pearson for a four-yard touchdown pass to make the score Oakland 10, Pittsburgh 7, and Van Dyke exclaimed, "We've got them now! And they know it. Oh, they may make it look good for the fans, but they know it." Surely the Steelers' winning nature would assert itself. Or the Raiders would choke. Somehow things would fit together.

They fit together for Oakland. During halftime Bradshaw nodded his head. "Yeah, yeah, yeah," as Noll tried to tell him what to do. In the third quarter the Raiders kicked two quick field goals and the Steeler offense didn't move. "We're trying to lose!" said Barry Pearson, as if he were a fan. "No sense in that!"

"We're getting beat across the board," said Defensive Tackle Steve Furness. "Defense and defense." The defense had been saving the offense all year; finally they both had gone flat.

"Could be a sad ending to our book," said Craig Hensonman.

"It isn't over yet," I said absurdly. Franco Harris was pacing back and forth like a Zen heron whose knee hurt. E.C. Greenwood was sitting on the bench with his hands and arms swathed in thick peeling stained bandages like those on besieged Marines at Dak To in pictures in L.A. His head was down. Linebacker Loren Turner got in a fight on the field, came off and was hit with a chocolate ice cream cone from the stands. Ice cream was all over the back of his head, mingling with sweat and grass and dirt and running down the cords of his neck. The fans whooped and laughed.

Bradshaw threw a touchdown pass, but he also threw three interceptions and

the final score was 33-14 Oakland. Bradshaw dressed hurriedly and left. He didn't go back to Pittsburgh. Joe Greene sat in the dressing room. On the floor around his feet were scattered jockstraps, dirty towels and battered empty tape racks that had been cut away from hands and still looked gasping. "We're one of the best teams in the country with one of the best coaching staffs," he said. "But something was missing. Today that special ingredient was missing."

Then he sighed. "Now I got to go out and probably fight. 'Cause somebody's going to say something I don't agree with. You gonna help me?" he asked me.

I told him I'd be somewhere behind him, but all the bellows fans seemed to have gone home. On the plane back, Ham and Wagner jocularly blamed various teammates. "It was your fault!"

"It's a game of inches," Ham said. "Sometimes it's a game of feet," said Wagner.

Rocky Bleier did his chicken imitation. He brushed his hair up like a comb and hunched down with his chest out huge and walked like a hen and chuckled.

Sam Davis looked pent-up and desolate. I asked him a dumb scribe's question: How did he feel now compared to the way he felt after the last game in '72?

"Same," he said.

"Does it always feel the same after you lose the last one?"

"It does. To me."

Art Rooney was playing golf with Line Coach George Pettes, in apparent equanimity. "Wait till next year," he said.

"A guy like me," said Defensive Back Dennis (Kamikaze) Meyer, meaning a marginal recklessly disregard-your-small-body guy, "I don't know whether I'll have a next year."

"I'd call it a predictable ending," said Cornerback John Rouser. "With our offense, anything we got was a bonus." Several other defensive men agreed. They grumbled about Bradshaw's thinking, and Noll's.

"The terrible thing," said Manfield later, "is that the defense didn't die on the benches with their bus seats. They ran into the water and drowned. I think that's basic to the success of humanity—don't quit. What if the United States laid down in World War II?"

"It's like what Adlai Stevenson said after Eisenhower beat him so bad," Hensonman said. "He said he felt like a little boy who had stabbed his toe in the

dark. He said he was too old to cry, but it hurt too much to laugh."

Players were taking belts out of various things to augment the two free beers. "Watch out for Nell," someone said. "He won't venture back into the pit," said someone else.

In the dressing room after the game, in his last '75 address to the team, Nell had been brief: "We're too good a team to be losing. We're going to take a long concentrated look at the season. We're going to find out where the mistakes came and why. All I can say is Merry Christmas." He didn't smile. "Merry Christmas," he said. None he sat wordless up front staring straight ahead. He had lost. He would be criticized by fans and scouts and scribes.

When we reached Pittsburgh I said goodby to people, as though it were a high school graduation. "I can't drive back to Oregon in time for Christmas," Haasman said bleakly, solemnly. "Can't buy gas on Sunday. Hell, Christmas is just like any other day to me. It'll be the 12th year in a row I'll have Christmas by myself." His face was grim. "You know what I said about Stevenson . . . not crying? I said that, but I will. I'll break down before I take off in the car."

What kind of end was this for a year with hand-rolling men of contact? Something missing. Something missing. In a plane crowded with 250-pound people, not one image of fullness.

"Sometimes," Bradshaw had said earlier, "you'd like to go out there and really give them something to boot: have 20 interceptions, hand off to the wrong people, lose 100 to 0. Come off the field and the coach is laughing, everybody's hugging everybody, just having a good time."

Later Mansfield ate his eggs, and then some of my eggs, in a late-night hush house in Pittsburgh and told me this: "In college they'd say, 'Mansfield, you're fat and lost.' They wanted me to run hard all the way, but I'd hang back and beat everybody in the last minute. They had guys built like Greek gods who couldn't block, and I got stomach hanging over my belt and I knock hell out of people. I didn't get the MVP my senior year—a guy who was nice did. That's what I like about myself: coaches don't like me. I like to have a good time. But I do the job anyway."

"I'm getting at the stage now where I have to worry about losing my physical ability. My neck hurts so bad sometimes

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There's been a lot of words in the papers about smoking.

Kind of reminds me of that old line — 'everything I like is either illegal, immoral, or fattening.'

Now I won't say that I wasn't hassled by what I read.

But, I just didn't want to give up smoking. I guess I enjoy it too much.

But it sure was enough to get me thinking.

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Anthony DeSouza
Author of "The Next Ad"



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Menthol: 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine,
as per cigarette FTC Report MAR '74.



I think about killing myself. I know I'll be a cripple by the time I'm 50. But if that's what it takes, all right. When I was growing up, my family never had anything. I want to enjoy life. Next to love, football is the thing I like most."

And right after the playoff loss, in the dressing room before his sweat was dry, I talked to Russell. Russell, who used to be one of the game's great hunch-playing hitters, but who had sacrificed much of his abandon to Noll's disciplined team-play system. Russell, who rarely can't be playing for money, because he makes twice as much as business as in football. Russell, who on a tour of Vietnam, finding himself in a barracks vulnerable to attack, spent the night on no steps with a rifle and a martini.

That was the Russell who after the playoff defeat spoke lucrally of nothing: "I was into that game. There was no other world outside it. There was *nothing*. That's the thrill."

"Does that make it hard to lose?"

"No—easier. You know you gave it all you had. Some games you're distracted by an injury or something, and you get down on yourself, question your character. This game—I was *into* the game. We lost. But all I could think afterward was 'Goddam, I had fun.'"

And so I guess did all of that frothing crowd, and maybe even Noll, and so journalistically and personally did I, the detached scribe, who had thrown my arm around Russell's shoulder pads on the sidelines as defeat loomed, and so did the fan back home in Pittsburgh who wrote:

Dear Pittsburgh

I like your team. I watched all of your games. Pittsburgh when you lost to Oakland I think it was one eight and because you bet them 3 times so what well Pittsburgh I am very glad that I am a fan of your team well Pittsburgh I am glad I wrote this letter well I guess I'd. Better go well Bye. Bye

Love your fan
Steve

(PS) I love your team.

"It's some game," Russell said. "It's a great game. It's not like going to play a game of squash."

END



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By RICH KLEIN

▲The tariff is \$11, but heavyweight champion **George Foreman** will meet his beauty parlor's price if he decides to wear his hair in braids when he goes to Zaire—in if Muhammad Ali could care. Foreman, who has tried "cornrows" before and likes them, will defend his title, if not his hairstyle, against Ali next month.

Even politicians of unimpeachable integrity find themselves on the firing line these days. Take Colorado Governor **John Vanderhoof**. The other day he was watching a baseball game in Denver. **Pete LaCock** of White, who leads the American Association in home runs, was upset when the official scorer, Frank Haraway of the *Denver Post*, ruled that a Denver outfielder had erred on a LaCock drive. In the bottom of the eighth, after Haraway charged LaCock with a fielding error, LaCock angrily fired the ball at the press box, narrowly missing the governor, who was sitting nearby. No error was charged.

If bad tennis is a prequel to good hockey, Philadelphia will keep the Stanley Cup a long time. That was the prediction offered after five members of the champion Philadelphia Flyers had groped about the ornate in losing two abbreviated sets to a grunting **Billy Jean King**, player-coach of the Philadelphia *Free Press*. Mrs. King did her best to keep it competitive, once serving left-handed, but coasted without their stars the game was too slick for the Broad Street Bullets. Mrs. King beat Gary Dorishefer and Rick MacLesh 1-0, winning 12 unaccurate points, then repaid Dorishefer, MacLesh, Don Salsicki, Steve Kozmichuk and Dave Schultz 2-0, taking eight of 10 points. Said King: "That MacLesh was serious. I think he had a side bet." Said MacLesh: "We lost because we



played after nine o'clock. That's our bedtime."

Disgusting up a moist memory from his dim past, Cleveland's dried-out **Gardner Perry** has requested the brand of gum he favored at the finger-licking height of his pecking career. "Sourmint was my favorite," Perry said. "I had a soft spot for Mr. Wrigley. I always got an extra kick out of using his gum to help beat his teeth."

After **John Ustinov** announced his retirement from pro football, he returned to Baltimore to discover he had lost another job: playing first base for the softball team sponsored by his own Golden Arm restaurant. "If you're not good enough for the San Diego Chargers," tart Manager Harry Arnes said, "you're not good enough for us." Rumors that Ustinov has asked to be traded are unfounded.

For Jockey **Bobby White**, it was a race he could sink his teeth into literally. After finishing second aboard Wharry's Night at Bay Meadows, White realized something was missing as he approached the clerk of the scales. What was missing was White's upper plate, which he ran back

to retrieve from the track. White's only comment was, "I can't weigh out without my teeth."

Out of a friendship began at a celebrity tennis tournament, the Warriors' 6-7? **Kirk Barry** insisted that **Ricardo Montalban** borrow his Datsun 240Z while Montalban starred in a production of *The King and I*. With personalized license plates reading RICK 28, Barry's car seemed almost perfectly suited to the actor. "Not quite," said Montalban, a mere 5-foot-6. "I had to adjust the front seat."

Rising NFL quarterback was never as demanding as the chase some **Wayne Walker** played in San Francisco, where he now works as a KPIX television sportsman who is ready to meet all challenges offered by viewers. Responding to one such dare, the former Detroit linebacker raced a cable car up precipitous Hyde Street as a flock of bemused tourists looked on. Walker stayed with the consequence for most of the two-block run, but got edged out at the finish. "My wind was fine," he explained, "but toward the end my legs tightened up."

Playing its ace in the outfield proved no handicap to the Republicans' baseball team, which beat the Democrats 7-1 for the 11th straight year at Baltimore's Memorial Stadium. In the interests of fair play, North Carolina Representative **Wilmer Vinegar** (R-NC) **Mirell**, who helped pitch the Pirates to a pennant in 1960, was prohibited from the mound and relegated to center field. Undaunted, Mirell drove in two runs.

▲Florida football Coach **Doug Dickey** was taught a lesson in humility when he had his picture taken with Mickey Mouse at Disney World, a gimmick to

hypnotist sales for the Gators' opponent against *California* in Gainesville. Said Dickey of Mickey: "I went to the Magic Kingdom and was told that Mickey could only dash out for a quick shot and then back, else he'd be mobbed by children. Sure enough, as soon as he showed up he was surrounded by thousands of kids. Not a living soul knew who I was, or cared. I tell you, that's humbling, being ignored in favor of a mouse, and a phony one at that."

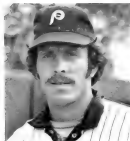
When the photo had been taken, Dickey asked Mickey, "Is it hot in that suit?" Said Mickey to Dickey, waving to the kids: "Hotter than hell."

Pete Rose, who does not smoke, has recently completed a cigar commercial. And what will this do to his clean-cut, Charlie Sheen-like image? "I wouldn't endorse anything you inhale," he explained solemnly. "Nobody inhales a cigar."



Reaching the top in one mighty pop

In 1973 Phillie Phanatic Schmidt battled .196. Now with an abrupt turn of nose and mind, he hits homers and the roof



It is rare that a team goes from last place one year to the thick of the pennant fight the next. That is just what Philadelphia has done in the National League East, but the Phillies' abrupt turnaround is hardly the most unusual reversal of form at Veterans Stadium this season. What is, is the metamorphosis of indolent third baseman and overnight big hit Mike Schmidt, whose sudden prowess at the plate is perhaps the main reason for the Phillies' success.

Last year as a rookie, Schmidt played in 132 games, struck out in 33.1%, of his at bats and hit .196. That was the worst average among big-league regulars. This season Schmidt is batting .313 and has amassed so many home runs (25), RBIs (87), runs (75) and walks (72) that he is threatening to lead the league in all those departments.

That kind of comeback, or come-in, has probably happened about as often as anybody has singled off a ceiling fixture. Schmidt has done that, too. On June 10 he hit the only ball ever to bounce off the public-address speaker suspended 117 feet above the Astrodome playing floor, 340 feet from the plate. In the process, Schmidt turned what would have been a three-run homer into a single that left both base runners so stunned that they forgot to score. In Schmidt's honor, the speaker has since been named 36 feet.

"I can actually sit here and tell you that I haven't had a real lucky year," Schmidt says truthfully, despite his bulging statistics. To attain them, he not only has had to overcome ill fate, he has had to move his nose and learn to concen-

trate on relaxing. Considering all that it is indeed impressive that he has become a premier hitter.

Standing in the right-handed batter's box, Schmidt does not look all that powerful, but under his uniform there is a 6'7", 200-pound, pro running-back build. He must continually remind himself, "I know I'm young and strong." In fact, he is so muscular that the ball jumps off his bat if he merely meets it with his natural, easy downswing.

Last year Schmidt was swinging too hard, pulling away from the pitch and trying to jerk everything over the left-field fence. He did hit 16 homers, but Manager Danny Ozark had so little faith in him that once, with first and second open and a man on third, Ozark had the runner break for the plate on a ground-er hit directly at the third baseman. The man was thrown out easily, and the manager explained his unorthodox tactic by saying, "Schmidt is the next hitter and he strikes out a lot."

This year Ozark cannot wait for Schmidt to come up. The third baseman from Dayton, Ohio has worked his way from eighth in the order to third. During June, before wary pitchers started walking him, he seemed to be driving in Larry Bowa and Dave Cash every time they reached base, which was often. He had 32 RBIs for the month.

If Ozark did not much care for Schmidt's aptitude last year, he liked his attitude even less. A day seldom passed when Mike was not in the manager's office receiving instruction on one of the finer points of the game, such as what to do when the manager comes out to the

mouth. "I'd stand there at first with my arms folded," says Schmidt. "That's just my nature. I know what he's going to say; why should I walk to the mound? But there has to be some static around a losing team. So it was around me. This year we're winning. I have the same attitude, but nobody says anything. The difference is that I'm getting one hit every three or four times at bat, compared to one every five."

Schmidt does concede that his attitude helped drag him down under .200 last year. Toward the end of the season he felt he had been robbed of a hit by the official scorer. "I wasn't mature enough not to let it bother me and I went through a deep slump," he now says. "It wasn't like I was an under-.200 hitter all year. But I admit I was giving the pitchers too much credit. I had to realize that I'm as good as those guys."

In Schmidt's locker there is now a plaque disavowed by his mother that bears Yogi Berra's famous platitude: HOW CAN YOU THINK AND BE AT THE SAME TIME? Although Schmidt has done some serious thinking about his hitting—one thing he figured out was that he had been drawing so far back before he swung that his right eye could see only his nose, so he adjusted his stance to face the pitcher more, he has also taken his mother's hint and learned to "center my concentration on the whole theory of relaxing."

By taking the pressure off himself, Schmidt has laid it squarely on the pitchers. Even though he considered himself to be in a mini-slump last week, he hit five homers, three in games against the Cardinals, the Phil's main rivals in the div-

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sion race. And when the long hit did not come in a game with Montreal, he used his speed to beat out an eighth-inning infield single to briefly tie a night game that the Phillies eventually lost 3-2.

"Before this season I figured my game was 80 R.B.I.s and 20 to 25 home runs a year," Schmidt says. "All of a sudden I find out I can hit .300 and that a load of runs and R.B.I.s come with an average like that. Now I think I can hit more than .300. I think maybe .340 or .350."

As they say everywhere but in the Astrodome, the sky is the limit.

THE WEEK

This 24-hr. TV
by MARK MULVOY

AL WEST Although Chicago dropped out of the alleged pennant race by losing six of eight games, Ron Santo won this week's Watergate Award for Not Making Himself Perfectly Clear. Santo is the man who refused to let the Chicago Cubs trade him to the Angels last winter and then personally took a hand in a deal that sent him to the White Sox. New Santo has been quoted in a Los Angeles paper saying that if he had to make the choice again he would select the Angels, not the Sox. "What I was trying to tell the guy is that it's frustrating to sit and not play every day and be hitting .220," Santo said, sounding like another Ron. "It would be easier to cope with if I was playing every day and hitting .220. What I meant was that in Anaheim I would have been a regular and playing every day, then the .220 would be easier to take. But that doesn't mean I'd rather be there than in Chicago."

California Owner Gene Autry doubted that even Champion could run on the waterlogged field in Minnesota, but financially troubled Twins Owner Calvin Griffith, swayed by an advance sale of 7,500, ordered the game underway. Four innings later, with the Twins enroute to another defeat and players taking profits on the slippery surface, Griffith lambasted the umpires for not calling the game before it became official. "I hope they choke on the money they made tonight," said Twins Infielder Eric Soderstrom.

Kansas City signed Orlando Cepeda as its designated hitter, but Owner Ewing Kauffman claims he will not renege the \$1 million he made to Griffith last winter for Twins Pitcher Bert Blyleven. "We have been losing too much money," Kauffman said.

Texas slugger Jeff Borroughs had four hits, including his second grand-slam home run

of the year, in a 12-5 rout of the White Sox. He now leads the majors with 18 RBIs.

Oakland matched the Rangers' 5-2 record, Reggie Jackson raising Texas in one game with two home runs, the third time he has done that for the Rangers this year.

OAK 10-14 TEX 16-12 KC 10-12
OHI 12-13 MINN 11-10 CAL 12-16

NL EAST

All Los Brock remembers about his first major league stolen base is that he was wearing No. 24 for the Cubs. For his 700th swipe Brock wore No. 20 for St. Louis and his victim was Chicago, which graciously gave him Wrigley Field's second-base bag to take home with him. And Brock, who now has 45 steals for the season, was at his pilfering best later in the week when St. Louis and Philadelphia squared off for first place. With the Cardinals trading by a run in the bottom of the ninth, Brock singled home the tying run, stole second for the second time in the game, moved to third on an infield out and scored the winning run on Bake McBride's single. For the Phillies it was their fourth one-run loss in six games, but they were hardly depressed. "This ain't September," snapped Third Baseman Mike Schmidt.

New York's dreams of another miracle inning turned to nightmares when Tom Seaver was rocked by the Pirates and Reliever Tag McGraw was bombed by the Cubs. Pitcher Jim Kousser shut out the Mets, then blasted the base ways of his Pittsburgh teammates. "We don't have the leadership that a winning club needs," he said.

Meagor recovered from three losses in New York to sweep an equal number from the Cubs and then defeat the Phillies as Willie Davis hit a home run and won the game with a ninth-inning single. Chicago's Bill Madlock made three errors at third base in a doubleheader and received a standing ovation when he finally fielded a ball cleanly.

ST. L. 11-11 PHIL 14-12 NY 11-10
MONT 10-15 NY 10-10 OHI 10-10

NL WEST

"The Dodgers are the best team in our league because they have the best balance," insisted San Diego Manager John McNamara. Actually, L.A. is No. 1 largely because it is undefeated, united and practically undefeated in 11 games with McNamara's band. Three of the victories came last week as the Dodgers increased their seasonal leads over the Padres to 95-28 in runs scored, 18-6 in home runs and 21-5 in stolen bases.

Cincinnati continued to press Los Angeles with Cesar Geronimo leading the way. He hit .378, scored six runs and closed a home run. Geronimo also joined Pete Rose in baffling the Giants with some adventurous base running. Rookie Pitcher Ed Haskicki

mistakenly fiddled a Rose chopper that was rolling foul and the alert Geronimo scored easily when the catcher forgot to cover the plate. Then someone yelled to Haskicki, "Throw to first!" So Haskicki did. The trouble was that no Giant was near it. The ball rolled to the outfield as Rose dashed to second. Who told Haskicki to throw? "I think it was me," Rose said, suppressing a grin. Moments later Rose scored from third base by eluding four Giants in a rundown.

Dave Johnson blamed one Atlanta loss on old ladies in Haiti. "Remember last year when the pitchers complained that the balls were heavy too tightly? I think word must have reached Haiti, because they're not sewing them at night now. Softer balls don't carry." Houston's Cesar Cedeno hit one of these alleged softies for his 22nd homer.

LA 11-17 CIN 10-12 HOU 10-11
ATL 14-15 SF 16-10 SD 14-10

AL EAST

"I don't feel like a historical figure," said Don's Eddie Brinkman after the Tigers became the first team ever to hit four home runs in the first inning of a game. Al Kaline, Bill Freehan and Mickey Stanley walked successive homers against the Indians, and Brinkman's 18th home run of the year got the line in the record book. "We set a record?" Stanley said. "Hey, we must be good."

The Tigers were better than that, winning five of seven games. Unfortunately, Stanley suffered a broken hand when he was hit by a pitched ball. As his replacement the Tigers called up 22-year-old Outfielder Ron LeFlore who, like teammate Gates Brown, is a former convict. He promptly stole two bases against the Brewers.

The Red Sox received an encouraging performance from Juan Marichal. Pitching for the first time in almost 10 weeks, he mixed 18 of the last 19 Baltimore batters he faced — and picked off the one Oriole who reached first base in that stretch. As Baltimore slumped, Manager Earl Weaver locked the clubhouse doors and warned the Orioles, "It's too early to throw in the towel."

Even National Leaguers are beginning to take the Indians seriously. The Dodgers dispatched Reggie Otero to scout the Tribe just in case the Dodgers and Indians happen to meet in the World Series.

Melbaucus slipped to last place, prompting this shrewd analysis from Manager Del Crandall: "I have found it increasingly difficult to explain why this happens and that happens. I just don't know. All I know is that it winds up as another loss. I know that happens." Speaking of losses, New York dropped seven of eight on the road before returning home to beat the Red Sox.

BOS 11-14 CLE 16-10 BAL 12-12
NY 13-14 DET 11-14 MIN 11-10

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Light, Tight and Right for Racing

A mere ounce or so of miracle fabric makes up the new skinsuit that is sweeping the swimming world

The revolution had been taking shape for quite some time, but it wasn't until the black week at Belgrade last September that the swimming world began to pay serious notice. The East German women so solidly whopped their U.S. counterparts at the World Aquatic Games in Yugoslavia, winning 10 of 14 events and setting seven world records, that puzzled experts began looking about for the reasons. And the more they looked, to put it plainly, the more obvious the answer became.

As early as the Munich Olympics the East German women had shown up in skintight, high-neck swimsuits that in or out of the water made them resemble sleek wet seals, but their performance in the 1972 Games was not impressive enough to occasion more than admiring glances from girl-watchers or the admission by other competitors that the German suits were frankly revealing.

But in the wake of the Belgrade debacle, Mrs. Dianne Rothhammer, who had been in Yugoslavia to watch her daughter Kornia compete for the U.S., surmised up what had become a growing suspicion: "The East Germans *could* be that much better trained than we are. The suits had to have something to do with it." She decided to import the suits to the U.S. despite the fact that while she was tracking down the manufacturers, U.S. girls (or their parents) proclaimed that they would never wear anything so provocative. "Swimmers themselves don't look at each other," one girl said. "It's the people in the stands and TV viewers who would make us nervous."

Bill Lee, the North American manager

for Speedo swim wear, was more blunt. "These suits are *gross*," he said. "You can see everything." His outrage is now academic. Gross or not, the skinsuit is available through Mrs. Rothhammer, and competing firms have moved fast to copy it—including Speedo.

Olympian Shirley Babashoff, wearing the latest 1½-ounce model in the photograph at right, is one of the first U.S. women to own a Belgrad (the name given the suit by its designer, West Germany's Dr. Conrad Döttinger). She wore a standard four-ounce Belgrad for the first time last April at the National AAU Indoor Short Course championships in Dallas and clipped more than five seconds off the American record in the 500-yard freestyle. "I feel the suits are not inferior as long as everybody wears them," said Babashoff.

Heather Greenwood, who set a world record in the 400-meter free on June 9, allows, "I don't know how much my Belgrad suit contributed to my time, but it's worth something. The suit sticks to me, and there's a lot less drag because water doesn't get down the front." Later she conceded, "This may be more psychological than physical; I always think I'm

going to win when I wear it." In both cases the skinsuits incorporated the first major changes in competitive swim-wear design in 43 years, and swimmers wearing them are setting records with regularity.

The pioneer skinsuit worn by the East Germans at the 1972 Games was made of a very fine cotton that, when wet, was virtually transparent. The 1973-74 version, also unlined and weighing four ounces, is made of a monobondlike

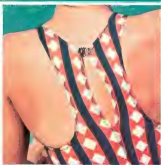
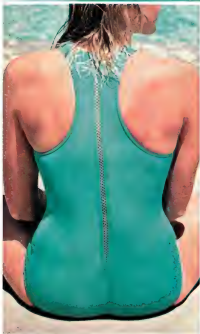
rubberized knit called Lycra and is a bit more opaque. The suit stretches over the body like a second skin, offering an adhesive fit that makes the name skinsuit a natural. By suggestion of Dianne Rothhammer the U.S.-model Belgrad has a bikini lining.

Most world-class competitions have worn White Stag Speedo suits since the 1960 Rome Olympics, largely because of the supervisdomanship of Bill Lee, who discovered the Australian nylon-tricot suit in 1958 when he was looking for something better for his daughter to wear in competition. Lee liked the suit so much that by 1960 he had sold 1,500 of them out of his home in California. He left his job with an advertising agency to work exclusively with Speedo, and in 1961 when White Stag became Speedo's North American distributor, Lee became its representative and proceeded to corner the world market. Recently, when Lee was asked how Speedo was going to respond to the sleek new challenger, he said, "We began making our own skinsuits 30 seconds after the Belgrade meet."

The new Speedo version for women, a mix of 78% nylon and 22% Lycra, weighs two ounces and has a racer-style

continued





back with the fabric pared away.

Another firm noted for athletic gear but heretofore landlocked is now getting its feet wet: Adidas is producing the Arena skinsuit in France. The women's version will make its debut in two weeks at the AAU Long Course Nationals in Concord, Calif. So far, this model promises to be the lightest in the world, weighing less than one ounce and featuring a multi-colored diamond pattern. Arena feels the diamonds will serve two purposes. First, they can be in team or national colors; second, because of the suit's extreme gossamer quality, Arena feared that a solid color might unsettle women swimmers. Indeed, the tricolor pattern makes the suit seem opaque. Arena calls its very dry fabric Elastomer and claims it is different from the other stretchy materials. Elastomer feels like silky tissue paper because it is woven with a fine elastic thread rather than knitted as the other skintank fabrics are. Putting on the Arena suit has been likened to "slipping into a sheer silk stocking."

Why are the skinsuits faster? One wonders if the fabric has been injected with a miracle drug that gives the swimmer added strength. It is more likely, as crutches have noted, that wearing the suit is "like going from the propeller to the jet."

The claim made for the new outfits is that they eliminate or minimize the drag that arises when water gets inside a suit and forms a bulge, slowing the swimmer's progress. Coach George Haines of the Santa Clara Swim Club sees a further advantage: "For training we want resistance. It is not unusual for swimmers to wear as many as three or four suits at one time to build drag. In competition, however, we need to eliminate it."

At the Swiss championships before the 1972 Olympics, national team members wore suits glued to the body at the neck, arm and leg openings with an adhesive. Italy's Novella Calligaris won the 300-meter freestyle in Belgrade in such a suit. It produced desired results, but the procedure, she complains, "is unsatisfactory be-

cause the adhesive is painful to remove."

Dr. Dottinger's patented suit features a narrow band of rubber that seals the arm, neck and leg openings, and it has the highest neckline, another improvement seen to some degree in all the new suits. "The high neckline worked fine for the fly, backstroke and the freestyle," says Duane Rothhammer, "but when it came to the breaststroke, we still couldn't stop some water from getting in." That is when a latticework strip was added to the back to expel or force out water. Freestyler Greenwood noted, "You get a bubble in back when you come up in a turn. In the old-style suits it went away only after a couple of laps."

The skinsuit's racer back and larger armholes also give plenty of shoulder freedom and eliminate the straps that often were tied together in back to prevent them from slipping off. Another problem in the more conventional suit was the modest quarter-panel skirt—which could scoop up as much as a gallon of water in the turn. But eliminating the skirt was not that simple.

Since the beginning of the century the AAU rule book has decreed that women must wear skirts on their suits. And while they long ago shed black stockings and stopped measuring the length of their skirts from the ankle, women competitors still had to wear skirts until this past year. To get around the ruling, many mothers sewed lace bands or pieces of tape across the fronts of their daughters' Belgrads, often creating bizarre effects—which possibly was their intention. In the face of further ridicule, the AAU sanctioned the skintank suit last April.

The new suits are still controversial, but all the coaches agree on one point—they should never be worn in training. Heather Greenwood says, "You wear the skintank only at big meets. You can lose your 'feel' for it if it's worn too much." Sherm Chavoor, coach of the Arden Hills Swim Club, says, "We don't practice in the new suits because they go too fast. We want to pinch up for them. I like my girls to wear the suits when I designate. For instance, the first week in June I sent kids to Stockton for an age-group meet. Jill Shirley won a 400-meter freestyle race in 4:31 and Karen Hazen won one in 4:29 in slow suits. Two weeks later, at a Santa Clara International meet, I said, 'Wear your fast suits.' Jill won in 4:23, and Karen in 4:20. Now that meet was a high-pressure event for fast suits,

and the kids felt, 'Boy, I can't go slow.'"

Coach Mark Schubert of the Mission Viejo Nadadores Swim Club says, "The main thing is the feel swimmers get in a tapered state of training. They pace their training from 35,000 or 18,000 meters a day down to about 3,000 in a three-week period. It's then that they get energy and the biggest time drops. Their mental image is 'When I get in the Nationals and get on this racing skintank I know I will swim to my ultimate.'"

Still, if swimmers have come this far, one wonders what will come next. Perhaps the psychology of color and weight will give way to the final athletic demand—performance. At what price? Melissa Belone notes, "If nude swimming comes next, I'll quit." When the East Germans requested the Olympic Committee to permit nude swimming in 1976 they were turned down, some say primarily because it might have offended the spectators. But the advent of nude competitive swimming may not be that far off. Nude bathing is prevalent on European beaches and is becoming increasingly acceptable in the U.S.

One day back to *aufretriebs* competition is that bare breasts create as much or more drag than air bubbles inside a swimsuit. "Girls with flat chests could make better time naked," says Haines. "There is no question about it. But for the well-endowed girl, the elasticity of Lycra keeps her body streamlined."

The U.S. girls who have worn the skinsuits are enthusiastic about them. Their comments range from "All I could feel was my kick," to "When I took my first flip-turn, I wanted to reach down and see if I still had my suit on." "It's like sliding through the water," said another. "The body is completely compressed by the suit. I felt no resistance whatsoever." "I don't feel anything at all," said Babushoff. "It's just like wearing nothing."

Many feel that Lycra is only the beginning. Bill Lee, for one, thinks even better fabrics will be produced in a few years. Indeed, the swimsuit of the future might well be a spray-on rubberized coating—in team colors—which can be peeled off after a meet.

Thus, presumably, the suits are now internationally equal again. It means only one thing: When the U.S. women meet the East Germans again in Concord at the end of the month, it will be just another contest to see who are the best athletes.

END

MOVING FAST, the racer above is wearing Speedo's new high-back tank, which does a scoop up water. The skintanks also offer various back cuts for freedom in competition. The Belgrad model (for left) has a shoulder strap and latticework cutouts to expel water. The Arena diamond print has a knit hole cut-out along the side. The Speedo merely slips on.

A few days before the hometown event, David Abramowitz of Oak Forest, Ill., is working on the skeleton of his fourth Soap Box Derby car and reflecting upon his racing past. With one hand he taps a screwdriver to the shell of his transistor radio, with the other he works over a vintage magnet to help start the race. David knows, with a free trip to the nationals at Akron, will get to stay in a summer camp for four days and will be a local celebrity. David is 15 years old.

"Well, sure I'd like to go to Akron and win the Derby and everything," he says, "but no matter what happens, I think this is going to be a nice car. You know, when I was younger I used to build tree forts, and then other kids would come by and wreck them. It was O.K., though, the fun was in the building. Now with Derby cars it's the same way."

David is small for his age, 5 feet, 100 pounds. He is polite, changing in mid-word from "yeah" to "yes," making sure not to swear when the hammer hits his thumb. "Dad still won't let me use the word saw because I'm not big enough yet," he says, "so I draw the lines, and then on Saturday he makes the cuts. Dad gives me some ideas, too, but not many. When I was building my first car he wouldn't help at all. He'd sit over there real quiet and watch me taping things up, trying to fix cracks, making a new."

Before David's first race in 1971 his car was such a mess that his mother told him to hold the sides so it wouldn't fall apart. He wore one two-car belt that year, barely beating a soap box that was "as junky" as his.

In the five years of Oak Forest's soap-box races, most of the cars have been like David's—not always rickety or amateurish but obviously driver-built. Indeed, some seemed to have been constructed by kids with suicidal intents. "In 1972 this one friend of mine built his car out of cheap pine and cloth," says David. "You could see through the car. On the way down the hill his brakes came out, the braces fell apart, and when he hit the bottom the whole thing disintegrated."

The difference between a car like that and the one scheduled to victory in this year's nationals by Jimmy Groner of Boulder, Colo., is so complete as to be nearly slapstick. Though 515 has been designated as the most that can legally be spent on a car, estimates on the cost of Groner's sleek fiber-glass car—which included wind-tunnel testing—were as high as \$20,000. Groner was disqualified not long after the event, and a national scandal erupted.

The Groner vehicle was different from the other cars primarily because of the illegal electromagnet nestled in its snout, a device that gave the car a swift pull each time the metal starting gate dropped. But Robert Lange Sr., Gro-

Running the gauntlet of grown-ups

Basel by a few cheaters and a lot of critics, the kids try to carry on

ner's uncle and legal guardian, who took the blame for the irregularities, claims the magnet was nothing special.

"The whole race is a sham," he says. "The same as it has always been. Everybody cheats in some way. A kid by himself can't build a car that will win in Akron."

Soap Box Derby rules try to ensure uniformity in the cars, specifying a maximum length 184 inches, width top to 14½ inches, height top to 28 inches and a combined driver-vehicle weight of not more than 260 pounds, as well as the standard Derby wheels and axles. Adult advice is permitted, but all work must be done by the kids. Still, there is plenty of opportunity for the crafty.

Since the car-body shells can be made of most anything short of sheet metal or cast iron, it is easy, for example, to have a fiber-glass mold constructed by an expert machinist and then pass the work off as one's own. Derby officials and participants alike sadly admit such practices are widespread.

The parent as crook is indeed the prime target of Derby scorn. "Jeez, if you just left these kids alone there wouldn't be all this fuss," says John Joyce, Oak Forest's Derby director. "All a kid really wants is three or four trips down the hill with the wind blowing in his knees." The fact that most children wouldn't know how to chase if left alone leads Ron Baker, the new general manager of the International Soap Box Derby, Inc., to state bluntly, "If the parents are rotten, the kid will be rotten."

Naturally not all violations are parent-induced nor are they as sophisticated as a battery-powered electromagnet or the bowing-ball device found in a previous Derby car. In that one a bowling ball was



ALL SEARCHED DOWN TO AID AIRFLOW, KRIS ELLER (RIGHT) ROLLS TO VICTORY

released from between the driver's legs at the start and allowed to roll to the front of the car, where it hit the nose, giving an extra boost. Sometimes kids weigh in wearing tight clothes and come back to race with heavy shoes or weights in their pockets. Occasionally banks of metal, nails, cement blocks or bricks will be added to the car on race day.

David Abramowitz remembers the Oak Forest boy who tossed a paper bag filled with quarters into the nose of his car before his first heat. He was disqualified, but the act puzzled Dave. "If you cheat and win, well, it seems to me—did you really win?"

On race day the 26 Oak Forest cars appear to have the usual assortment of style and craftsmanship. Assembled at the top of a hill in a blocked-off residential area not far from the town hall, the racers resemble low, gaily decorated coffins for misfits.

Though it is only 11 a.m., the temperature on the Oak Forest Bank changes from 96° to 97°, and the kids begin clustering around a garbage can filled with ice and free soda. The darker-colored cars start to heat up in the fierce sun, bubbles form, rubber droops, Scotch tape curls and falls to the ground. The small crowd, composed mostly of mothers, fathers and younger brothers and sisters, gathers under trees along the gentle 550-foot slope and tries to stay cool.

A quick glance at the cars leaves one with the impression that this year's junker, the car most likely to self-destruct, is The Purple Cow, a massive clump of maroon plywood and cardboard bearing the scrawled motto a **NAKED STRIP NAKED STRIP**. Another car, a small white "Porsche," offers a driver-vehicle weight of 300 pounds less than the maximum, a serious disadvantage in a gravity race where weight can help overcome wind resistance. "You know why the Porsche doesn't weigh very much even with the driver in?" an entrant asks his friend. "I'll tell you why. Because the kid only weighs 50 pounds."

There is a car with its paint still wet and another that looks like a gold tablecloth stretched over coat hangers. One car is splintered and sloppy outside but luxurious inside, with leopard-skin seats and padded armrests. David's car is bright green with a blue interior cut from carpet samples. It's his best car, he feels,

and since he is 15, the Derby age limit, it's also his last.

Two cars in the group have attracted most of the attention as well as a good deal of skepticism from the other drivers. Each is noticeable for its dissimilarity to the rest, for flawless tapering and symmetry, for absence of mistakes. Both are driven by girls, one from Rockford, the other from nearby Chicago.

Already word is spreading that the Rockford girl has no idea how the molten lead ballast was poured into her car or how the headrest or nose were shaped. Her father answers all questions.

The Chicago girl's name is Kris Allen, and her fiber-glass car is as sleek as a torpedo and bears the lettering **WOMEN'S LIBERATION CENTER OF EVANSTON**. Her mother explains that Kris is a "very artistic person" who has been working on her vehicle for two years at her grandfather's. Asked if going the Evanston sponsor was a way of jolting the boys a bit, Kris answers, "I guess so."

David, who slept the night before in his new Derby T-shirt, is unsettled by the two unfamiliar entrants. "I think I've got an O.K. chance, but I don't think they should let girls in. What if you lose to cool?"

After the delays that always seem to accompany once-a-year events the races begin and the cars glide quietly down the hill two at a time. One car is eliminated each trip. On his first run the driver of The Purple Cow begins rocking back and forth like a galleon, trying to propel his sluggish car into contention. The steering wires promptly break, and the Cowcareens off the hill, crashing through the snow fences and raising a timer from the small crowd. The boy scrambles out of the car, seemingly pleased, looking back at though half-expecting flames to burst from the splinters.

Leaving way back in his seat, David wins his first two heats by three or four feet, good margins, and advances to the top eight. Both girls also get to the quarterfinals, with Kris Allen, the Libber, being paired against David.

By now the bank thermometer is registering 103°. The racers and the few spectators who are left are starting to wilt, and the sponsoring Jayones are getting weak from lagging the cars up the ramp.

David comes down the hill against Kris' polished aqua machine, and de-



AFTER THE RACES ARE RACED A GIRL

spite his being tucked under so that only his helmet is visible above his car, the race is not very close. After the loss David pulls his racer off the street behind the hay bales and puts it on a lawn where his father can pick it up.

He calculates that he finished in a tie for fifth place and says he feels "O.K.," and that it's been fun. He'll keep the car because he's proud of it. "Well, it certainly was my best one," he says.

As the competition continues, it appears that this is not a very good day for the Oak Forest boys. The two out-of-town girls finish first and third, Kris Allen on her Women's Lib car being the champion and never having a close race. "Oh, brother, why did it come to this?" says John Joyce, whose duty it is to determine the validity of the winner's car before sending it on to Akron. "All I can do is ask for receipts and see if she knows what she's talking about."

The job is a slippery one at best, and when Kris is presented the championship trophy and asked to face a TV camera, the handful of spectators jeer. It is a disheartening scene, with other racers joining in. "Women's Lib stinks! Read the Bible!" screams a red-haired girl. "Ask her how she built the brake!" yells someone else. "She didn't build anything!"

The next day John Joyce meets with Kris and grills her closely for two hours. "Her car conforms to regulations and she knows the technical aspects, the nuts and bolts," he says afterward. "She's a

Continued

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SOAP BOX

bright kid, and I'd say she probably built the car, and if it comes down to it, I'd go to bat for her."

With the 37th annual Akron race coming up next week, the Soap-Box Derby finds itself in a unique position. Never has there been so much bad publicity for the event and never has there been such a negative public attitude. Participating cities are down from 232 two years ago to 100 this year, and only about 5,000 youngsters are involved. Chevrolet, the sponsor since 1934, bowed out in 1972, playing up their \$600,000 in yearly expenses. Derby people understand.

"Let's face it, nothing is sacred anymore," says Baker. "I'm not saying we can't turn this thing around immediately, assure honesty by Akron, but we'll try. Of course, everybody's watching us this year. If we have only 10 entrants going down that hole it's heartbreaking!"

Part of the overall problem, Baker realizes, lies in the vagueness of Derby rules plus the fact that soap-box cars are constructed out of sight of referees. His belief is that if parental guidance and moral strictures aren't enough, then the rules must be:

"The program I'm pushing is called Back to Basics, back to the idea of real soap boxes," he says, "which is where this whole thing started. If it's conventional, there will be two classes—one strip-beds, and I mean strictly, for kids; the other, called the open class, for adults only. The first class will be what the Derby's all about. The second, well, Bob Lange can build a car and come and race it if he'd like to."

Baker also proposes stringent workshop tests for entrants to prove their cars' authenticity as well as punishment for any local franchise that sends an illegal car. He admits the necessity for new regulations is a little disillusioning. "You really can't expect the Derby to be anything but a carbon copy of society," he says.

For kids like David Abramowitz and other hardworking soap-boxers who never intended to cheat, there will always be ways to maintain perspective on the meaning of victory. If nothing else, they can take advice from Jimmy Groom, who has been to the peak and back.

"It's not like being on top of the world," he said recently of his Akron championship. "It just wasn't that big a deal."

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A NEW INSTRUMENTAL INFLUENCE



Norm Feuer, Vice President/General Manager Station WLYF, Miami, Fla. A MONEY charter subscriber who recently renewed.

Shortly after Norm Feuer became General Manager of Radio WLYF, known in South Florida for its all-music, all-instrumental format, the station began to enjoy both higher listener ratings and growing advertiser support. For this progress Norm gives credit to good timing and good hard work—a formula that's paying off for him as well as for the station.



When Norm isn't involved with sales or administration at WLYF, he likes to get away from it all with his wife Bunny and two children aboard their cabin cruiser. Obviously successful in business, he doesn't have all the time he would like for managing his personal finances. This is where MONEY is a new instrumental influence.

"MONEY Magazine fills a critical need for me. I can't find the time to research financial opportunities and alternatives in depth. By going through this magazine from cover to cover, I pick up ideas for the future. An article on limited real estate partnerships appeared about the time I had to offset the capital gains I had made on selling my house. I had never even heard of them, but this was the answer to my problem and MONEY made the possibilities easily understandable."

If you want to find more ways to use and enjoy what you earn, MONEY can be an instrumental influence for you too. It helps fine-tune personal finances all year long for more than 450,000 subscribers.

Money

The magazine of personal finance from **TIME**

He had strong legs, a poet's eye, and he was 16 years old—what more did he need to cover

by **Jim Dunn**

Young man



the 1,750 miles between Mexico and Canada?

on the run

I had always wanted to go someplace a long distance away. I remember when I was younger how I used to sit watching the Olympics on television and wish I could do things the marathoners could. Twenty-six miles was a long distance for a human being to travel in the short period of 2½ hours. Back then I didn't fully realize how far it was, or I would have had even more admiration for the runners.

In the sixth grade my PE teacher persuaded me to go out for the cross-country team. I was not sure what cross-country was. All I knew was that it involved running a greater distance than just around the baseball field. The pain was terrible after my first race, but I stuck to the sport, and finally lost my fear of it. I decided that I was going to make some- *continued*



thing out of running for myself. Not that day or the next, but someday.

As the months passed I realized I had better get going on my idea or I might lose interest. What could I do to prove that I could run? I had always admired men who could push their bodies past the point others would call excessive. So why not join them? But where to go and how to do it?

The last days of my sophomore year flew by. It was May 1973, and summer vacation loomed ahead like a giant vacuum. Standing 6 feet tall, 135 pounds, I

I woke at 6:30 a.m. on July 1 and dressed quickly. Getting the rest of the family going was not as easy. It was not until 8 a.m. that my father, brother, sister and I set off in the car for the Mexican border, some 30 miles to the south of my home in Del Mar. I tried to realize that this would be the last time I would be able to travel anywhere without running to get there. I imagined what it would be like in lands different from those I was used to. What would the weather be like? Also the people—would they treat me kindly or try to kill me?

to San Diego. When I had gone 10 miles, I bumped into my family. They gave me food and then drove off. By noon I had covered 18 miles. I went through Old Town and past Sea World and Mission Bay. I stopped at the beach to watch the kids enjoy their summer, cruised through La Jolla and visited some friends.

I reached home, exhausted, about 6 p.m. I didn't see how I could go on. My altitude had taken a 180° change in course. I didn't want to continue—I felt that bad.

What was to have been the second day of the trip unfortunately was the first day of rest. I had run too far too soon. It was not so much a day of rest as a day of meditation. I contemplated whether or not to continue. For half a day I sat and thought. Finally, late in the afternoon I decided I would go on.

The next morning I woke with anticipation. The plan was to run to Oceanside, 18 or 20 miles away. Until I got used to covering a distance, I'd be taking it easy. We got the camper ready and I even let my mother give me a haircut. At noon I said goodbye to my brother and sister, took some pictures and after last looks back, started to run. As time and the towns passed by I noticed that I was feeling great. I was proud, and repeated old cheerleading jingles to myself like, "You're tough, you're tough and you're hard to bluff. So let's go, Jim, and show 'em your stuff."

LOS ANGELES

It was raining that morning, the fifth day of the trip. I would be running from Huntington Beach through metropolitan Los Angeles, and had worried that if the weather was too hot the smog, cars and congestion would defeat me.

I started up, running along the beach for five miles, passing the oil pumps that people complain so much about. Seems to me they don't realize that what they get from those pumps keeps their cars going. But I do have to admit that the pumps look rather tacky. Moving inland on the Pacific Coast Highway, I was thankful that I didn't have to live here, and felt sorry for those who did.

Ordinarily I don't mind being stoned at when I run. But I did feel sheepish when people would see me. I guess I must have looked weird running through such a crowded area. The day's destination was Redondo Beach. I made



went to Mom and told her what was on my mind. I wanted to run from Mexico to Canada. "Why not?" she replied without hesitation or practicality.

She was the only member of the family available that summer to help me realize my goal. She agreed to drive the supply wagon. How could I run to Canada in just a pair of shorts and a T-shirt?

We set July 1 as the deadline for departure. If we did not leave by then, according to my calculations of the mileage and my capabilities, we could never complete the trip before school started in September. I planned to cover a route of 1,750 miles. A mini-camper had to be modified for the journey. I built a bunk for Mom in it and shelves and storage compartments. We bought camping equipment, food and emergency items. We packed a minimum of clothes. I was very optimistic, taking only one pair of running shoes. She was less optimistic, stocking up on tinsure of boron, molarin, cotton, high-protein powder and toenail clippers.

Would I make it far enough to find the answers to these questions?

THE UNITED STATES-MEXICO BORDER

People were walking between the two nations with no emotion at all. They passed through the check gates as though they were buying tickets for a flower show. I realized that they had no reason to be excited. After all, they weren't running border to border. They were just going to work or visiting or shopping.

My sister Clare and I walked up and over the arch leading to Mexico. The border officer couldn't understand that people would want to step across the line and then turn back. But finally he let us. Returning to the car, I took off my sweat pants, handed them to my father and did a little stretching. I had planned for the minute, and now it was here. I took off, running.

I made my way slowly through the border town of San Ysidro. My objective this day was to reach Del Mar, 42 miles by the route I would take. I headed north

it, covering the 30 miles despite the cars.

The next day would be fun, I planned to tour Los Angeles International Airport. If there's one thing I love, it's an airport.

I got there an hour after I started, and walked about the terminal in my little blue shorts. Naturally I received many glances. It must have been my legs. Some joker noticed my Mission Bay Marathon shirt and said, "Hey, fella, in a marathon you are supposed to run." I left the airport feeling happy despite the pains I was beginning to feel in my legs. I had expected them to come much earlier.

VINEYARD TO SANTA CRUZ

The only straight shot to Santa Barbara was on the freeway, but I thought pedestrians were prohibited on the road. At the freeway entrance I found out differently. A guy with a bike was there, eating breakfast. He explained that if there is no other road going to a place and it would be a hassle to go any other way, then I could use the freeway. He pointed out that the entrance sign to this section of freeway did not forbid pedestrians. He was biking up to San Francisco to his sister's wedding. His name was John Natch. I found out that he had run in the Mission Bay Marathon the same year I had. We then said goodbye, not expecting to see each other again, but after running about 10 miles I found John and Mom talking together. He had decided to run with me to Santa Barbara. I warned him that we still had 20 miles to go, but he said he didn't mind. It was good to have company. I had not talked to many people since leaving home. About 10 miles up the road there was a NO PEDERGIANS ALLOWED sign and we left the freeway for another route. We stopped for a protein milk shake with some ice cream added. It tasted good compared to the dry air I had been swallowing.

I guess people would think I would eat lots and lots of health foods on my trip. Actually I never ate stuff like that, taking only protein powder before starting in the morning. After the first few days I even stopped using that or salt tablets. I guess that I should also mention that I am a vegetarian and never eat meat, fish or eggs. On the trip I just ate what I felt like at the moment. Many times I would go without lunch because Mom wasn't around at the time, and there was no

place to buy anything. Sometimes I didn't eat breakfast, either, because I just wasn't hungry.

We got going once more, and soon were at the foot of the pier in Santa Barbara. It was just as pretty as I had expected. Mom took shots of John and me, and we exchanged addresses. We then took his bike out of the back of the car, and he was off.

My destination the next day was Gaviota State Beach. I took a walk on the pier. The moon was casting shadows. You could see the dark beach for miles in both directions. It was a scene I would love to have a picture of. I slept on the ground as I did whenever we camped, thinking of the beauty of the world. The next day I got an early enough start, but the heat of the afternoon fatigued me. Halfway to Lompoc on an uphill, twisty road the sun became so hot I felt it had a personal grudge against me. Then, to make matters worse, at a desolate place I began hearing gunshots. When you are running on a deserted highway, you often imagine things, but I don't believe I was wrong. I started to race, and finally left the gunshots behind. In Lompoc I went to buy shoes. The ones I was wearing were not padded enough, and as a result my legs were troubling me. I purchased a light and cushioned pair, and found when I ran in them the pains went away like magic.

Outside of Lompoc the road went up a mountain and down the other side. It rained while I was running over the top of the mountain but I didn't mind at all. I could look down on farmers working in the fields. One man was setting up a piped-water system. His dog barked as I came close, and the farmer waved.

I ended the day in Guadalupe. There was no place to stay, so I got in the car and we drove to Oceano, 13 miles to the north. That night I tried to call a talk show whose host had asked me to check in during the trip, but I couldn't get through. After losing a dime I gave up and went to bed on the grass, listening to the radio.

The next morning I got back in the car with Mom and returned to Guadalupe. I made a promise that if I couldn't go the whole distance without getting in a car I would at least cover the whole distance without skipping a foot. In Guadalupe I went to the spot where I had stopped the night before and even re-

traced my steps several yards so there would be no mistake and then started to run. I went through a large eucalyptus grove. As the leaves fell I would try to catch them. I caught only one. When I got to Oceano and rejoined Mom, she took some pictures of me next to a sign saying *MISSION STATE BEACH 10 1/2 MILES*.

In the days ahead we moved into a desolate, lovely area where there weren't many places to camp. Because of this I decided to cover longer distances. But I took my time getting places. I stopped on the side of a pasture near Cayocus and talked to the cows. They were scared of me. They ran away, and I raced them. I hate to say it, but they beat me. I would play games like seeing a billboard in the distance and not looking up till I felt sure I was right next to it. Or at least close by. I won that game only once. I even tried to warn as the cars passed, but few people waved back, so I quit. Some bikers went by and I yelled a howdy. At least they waved. It started to get cold and windy, and the sun went down just as I got to Carhara. I had only a few miles more now till San Simeon. It seemed like forever before I got there—and then I didn't know where I was. It was too dark to read the sign, close to eight o'clock.

That night I tried to call the radio talk show again. I got through. The host was pleased. I told him what I had been doing, and he encouraged me to keep it up.

The next morning my nose looked and felt like a piece of melted cheese. Even Vaseline didn't protect it from the sun. My face was just too tender, though my legs had gotten a nice tan.

I began to run about 10 a.m. As I went by the road leading to William Randolph Hearst's home (or should I say castle?), Mom pulled up in the car and took a picnic. Then she waved and took off down the road looking for a campground about 35 miles away. I stayed on Highway 1, and eventually it led back to the ocean. A lady whose family had stopped by the road to eat lunch and sight-see asked if I would care for something to eat. As I ran by I thanked her but declined. The road rose sharply to 500 feet. It took work, but I finally got to the top. The blue ocean and many rocks gave me a feeling of great height. I could see the countryside for miles and miles and miles. But only to my left and right, for in back of me was a mountain. It would be this way for the next 100 miles. Up and down, moun-

—continued

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tain and sea. I was entering Big Sur.

A few miles later I stopped for a milk shake at a drive-in, the only eating place for many miles. The milk shake was strawberry. 90c, and not worth it, I got going again, slowly. The splendor of the land amazed me. I began to get tired and hungry. After a couple of hours I came to a small store. I walked in and asked the man if he had anything for 90c. He glared at me as if I were a freak and giggled. "Nope." I walked out discouraged.

Mom found a camp not far from there, Plaskett Creek National Forest. She had made friends with some people who had seen me on the road. They were all waiting for me. The van was just sitting when I arrived. We decided to take the next day off. It was one revolution I was going to keep.

The next day was fun. It was overcast and damp, but the type of day I loved. I could hide my sunburned nose under the clouds and try to recover. We went down to the beach and collected tide toys, pieces, but it was just. We took pictures and had a pleasant afternoon. It was one of those days you wish could last forever. But, naturally, it didn't.

I was on the road by nine o'clock the next morning. My legs weren't quite as tight after the day of rest. I ran for 10 miles before I saw Mom. She had stopped at the only diner around. I didn't get anything to eat but continued on my way. I ran on and on and on. I hadn't seen Mom for a long time, and was beginning to get hungry. I had gone 25 miles without water or food. Just then a man drove by in a van and asked if I were Jim Thurn. I told him I was, and he handed me a sack lunch. Mom had sent it by him as long as he was going south. I thanked him. In the sack was a cheese sandwich, an orange and a can of root beer. When I finished I headed up the road, carrying my trash. There were too many polluters already. I finally found a can about five miles later. That sack was getting heavy. It was a relief to get rid of it.

By July 22 I was covering up to 40 miles a day. That day I reached the city of Santa Cruz. I was looking for Mom, while running toward the town but never seeing her once. At the edge of Santa Cruz I bought a soft drink and hung around for Mom because I thought she might have gotten lost. She showed up in a few minutes. I asked her to get sunburn and lip medication, which she did while I ran on.

On the run

She was back in a few minutes. I lathered on the medication and we agreed to meet up on the road. She was going to check out campgrounds. I carried a chapstick in the pocket my sister Clare had sewn into my pants. The pocket was handy: I always carried some change in it.

High winds came off the ocean, and they hit me with such force that it was impossible to run straight up. It seemed hours later when Mom came trucking down the road. She had found a small place not on the map, or at least not on the map we were using. It was called Batano State Park. She said you took a road out into the mountains, to get there, and it was still seven miles from the spot where we stood. I decided to try for it despite the winds. Mom told me she would wait at a bar and restaurant called Pinky's. It was at the intersection where the road turned to the park. It took forever to get there. The sun set before I was halfway to Pinky's, but it was a pretty sunset. I stopped and watched wild deer grazing on the wild grass. Wild! But I got to Pinky's eventually, and had a 7-Up, as Mom bragged about the trip to the local. Then we drove to the park.

We returned to Pinky's in the morning while the air was still mountain crisp and alive with the wonderful odor of nature. I made sure to go back to the exact spot I left off at, then set out. I had a fine time going up and down the knobby hills and winding round the curves of the magnificent coast highway. I ran on the beach for a short period. Off in the distance I could see nudists doing their thing.

I was amused by the men with binoculars I found on the bluff near Pacifica studying the miles of nudist beaches. A few fellows had cameras with large telephone lenses. I pulled myself from the cliffside temptation and focused my attention on getting over the Golden Gate Bridge before sunset. From the streets of Daly City I could see the bridge in the distance. Not the whole thing, just the orange cable supports. But that sight gave me a feeling of great accomplishment. I had gotten somewhere. I would go all the way. My job of crossing the bridge was delayed, as I became separated from Mom. We missed connections. I was to meet her at the foot of the bridge, but she was not to be found when I arrived. I waited for 30 minutes but she still didn't show. So I crossed the bridge,

hoping I would find her. She wasn't on the north side, either. I waited for a while. In the meantime the sun was setting and the winds were picking up across the Gate. I ran back to the south side and finally found her. She said she had been there for a long time, apparently having arrived soon after I had left. But things were O.K. now. I wasn't worried as much for my sake as I was for hers because I knew she worried and also could get lost faster than I could. We had to help each other out. We drove north across the bridge to find a place to stay that night.

I ran the next day but not far. The heat was stifling and the air was tinted a misty brown. I headed off toward Sausalito. That afternoon I would have to run over the mountain range between the ocean and the bay, which any other day would have been simple. But the heat turned the modest incline into Mount Everest. When I reached the top of the hills it was a joy to run down the other side, zig-zagging with the road as I went. I went fast enough to enjoy a cooling breeze across my hot body.

I met Mom in Stinson Beach, where we decided to call it a day. We had gone less than 20 miles, but it felt like 40. When I saw the ocean and the beaches from the hillside six miles away, a swim seemed inviting. But I chickened out when I got to Stinson Beach. I guess I didn't want to catch cold. Instead, I read the manual that came with a new camera I bought a couple of days before. I experimented with a few shots in the room we had rented for the night. We had wanted to camp, but every place was packed, and we didn't want to risk sleeping on the side of a road because we knew the area had a high crime rate.

PAST REYES

It is a romantic land. Trees are everywhere—and water. I was getting away from the cities and moving into the woods along the sea. I had looked forward to this section of the coast. By now I had covered more than 600 miles. For the remaining 1,150 miles I would be running through this sort of landscape and happy about it.

I went through groves of many sorts of trees. The road was mine with only a rare car using it. I was overjoyed by the road, which went up and down like a roller coaster. The road continued for another 10 miles before coming to the

apex of Point Reyes Station. I visited the ranger station, as I was interested in knowing about the national seashore. Sir Francis Drake landed near here in 1579 on his around-the-world voyage. He was so impressed that he claimed the area for England and named it New Albion. It was beautiful, what I could see of it. I would have loved to investigate further, but I had to move on. Mom was somewhere to the north. I followed the coast highway and imagined Sir Francis Drake floating softly along in his seaworthy craft.

Because I had moved around all day discovering the land, I covered only 32 miles. I found Mom in the town of Tomales. If I had stayed on schedule I would have reached Rodegas Bay. But I remained a tourist at heart.

To find facilities we had to drive two miles south of Rodegas Bay. When we arrived at the county campgrounds it was too dark to tell what the area was like. In the morning I really didn't like what I saw. What I saw may make other people feel giddy, so I am not one to pass judgment, but I still didn't like it. The place seemed ugly. I felt as if it were dishonoring the surrounding land by being there. The bay is what set me off. People were running boats back and forth, leaving gas slicks on the water. But then, I am not the one to say this is bad, only to say it is bad for me.

That night we stayed in Jenner at a private camp by the side of the Russian River. The smell of tourists cooking breakfast over camp stoves woke us the following morning. People were bus-tipping to get on the road—and to bigger and better sights. So were we. But I had a clear advantage over the others. I did not eat foods that required cooking, save an occasional bowl of instant oatmeal or chocolate. I didn't need to stand over a fire until a piece of meat was cooked. Being a vegetarian has its advantages. Some people didn't think I could run from border to border without touching a piece of meat but I would show them.

The land I passed through looked like a foreign country, like Scotland, maybe. Lambs grazed on the side of a meadow by the edge of a cliff. Gentle fog rolled in slowly. There were thin winding roads, wooden fences. One of these July nights as I lay in my sleeping bag watching the fire burn, I found a pleasant diversion. Another camper had a harmonica, as I

continued

did. We got involved in a playing competition. He would play a song, then I. This went on till I realized I was the only one playing. Still, I kept playing. I was very happy.

The last days in the month were foggy and wet. July 31 was no exception. This was fine weather for running. My goal this day was Fort Bragg, a 40-mile journey. The first town on the way there was Elk, a little place but worth reading about. I had a pamphlet describing the towns and cities of this region, giving their history. I remember reading about how the founder of Elk had a lumber company on something like that. But the rest is a date.

MILKING BARBARA

One evening I found Mom waiting by the roadside with a young girl named Barbara Bralier. She was from Washington and had been hitchhiking, cruising through the country, looking it over. She had no plans for the evening, so we invited her to stay with us. She accepted, which pleased me because I would have someone to talk to. We camped at Standish-Hickey State Park on the Eel River, which I would be following for a long time yet. That evening Barbara and I took a walk and talked about different things. We feasted on a mass of nondescript foods and drinks. She was fun, and we begged her to stay on with us for a few more days, but our rate of travel was too slow for her.

The next morning Barbara and I took a walk down to the river. I brought my camera and took many pictures of her. Then I took off my shirt and shoes and waded and took a swim in the river. The water was fine. I even did a dive off a rock cliff, which is pretty good, since I am a chicken when it comes to diving. Barbara got a shot of me in the water.

Then the fun had to end. It was time to go. Barbara got in the car and rode away with Mom to find a better place to hitch a ride. It was upset that she wouldn't be with me anymore. Well, I would have to get over it.

As a matter of fact, by nightfall I met up with someone else who would become a good friend. When I reached Richardson-Groose State Park, there was Mom sitting by the road talking to a guy named Keith Van Sickle. She had run into him earlier, noticed that he was wearing a shirt advertising a marathon, and told

him about my run. He and his family were staying in the park where we were camping that night, so after a shower, dinner, rest and reading about the park's history, I met Keith at the campfire. The rangers were telling pretty bad jokes and trying to sing songs. They said everyone must join in. When Keith and I did not, we were pulled up on stage. The ranger said I must sing a solo—"My hat, it has three corners. Three corners has my hat. And if it had four corners, it would not be my hat." I tried to sing in my best voice. I guess I was O.K., because the rangers let us go after that. Keith suggested that I run with him at 6 a.m. I really didn't want to run, but what are friends for? We did 2½ miles. Afterward we said goodbye, as Keith's family was leaving for home that morning. Ever since, Keith and I have written often—dumb, insane letters—but it is fun to do. It had taken me a month to find a good friend.

TURKEY
Good things do not last for as long as you would like them to. And this proved to be true on this day, too. I fought the freeway and cars for hours, but managed to see the world's largest totem pole at a shopping center in McKinleyville. It had been carved from a single tree and stood 160 feet high.

And I got to view from the side of the road the Eureka airport—a nice place, from what I could see of it, a mass of concrete in the middle of a pasture. Matter of fact, there were cows grazing in a field just across the road. A couple of jet liners flew in out of the fog-like ghosts. Spokey.

Although I didn't want her to, Mom slept on the sand of the beach that night. Clam Beach park really wasn't much of a place. When Mom woke the next morning she was sorry. The night had been wet and misty. Sand had sifted through her hair and through her clothes. From that day on I made sure she didn't do anything that she thought would be near yet regret later.

In trying to get as far away from Clam Beach as possible, we succeeded in going only 21 miles. I could have gone much farther but the logging trucks and motor homes were on the road in great numbers. The drivers seemed to have one thing in mind—to run me off the road. They did a good job of it. Every time a

truck passed I had to stop or the wind it created rushing by would knock me off balance. This was dangerous when I was on a bridge or overpass. I would grab for one of the side rails and kneel down.

The land remained beautiful, with evergreens, ferns and berry bushes growing right on the side of the road. It was more inviting to run by a road where plant life flourished than just looking down on gray gravel and tar stains.

THE NORTH

I entered Del Norte, the last county in California. This area was much like the rest, but passing the county sign made me feel that much closer to my destination.

I continued on and soon came to Trees of Mystery, another tourist trap. I stopped to check out the place. As I looked up at a 100-foot giant resembling Paul Bunyan, my mouth opened like a 5-year-old and a voice inside the giant asked, "Say, did you run all the way here?" I nodded, again like a little kid.

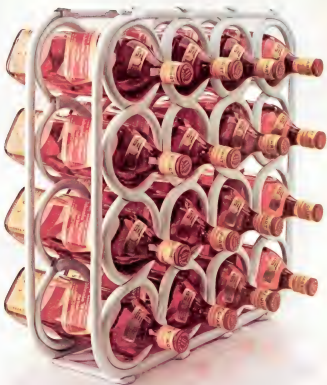
I got down to serious running after Trees of Mystery, climbing the long mountain road dividing Crescent City from the southland. The fog was rolling up the mountainside and the evergreens seemed sculptured silhouettes. I wish I had had my camera with me at the time.

When I reached the crest of the mountain it was raining, but I didn't care. Nothing could stop me. I would have loved to stay there, under the fog blankets and evergreens and redwoods.

Within minutes I was going downhill. I could see Crescent City and Point St. George jutting into the ocean. Five miles to go. And farther off on the horizon I saw what I knew must be the Oregon coast. In my excitement I ran harder than ever. I was down close to sea level when I saw Mom and our red truck coming down the road. When she was close she yelled, "Just a little more!" She turned and headed back toward the city. I followed close behind, trying to stay up. When we got within the city limits, Mom led me, as I ran behind, to the motel she had chosen for the night. My 45-mile day was over.

At first, I had planned only to run the length of California. Later I changed my mind. If I had kept to that first plan, my journey would have been over on Aug. 18. But I was glad I changed my mind, for there was much more to do. Over

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On the run continued

1,000 miles were behind me, but I wanted to see the rest through.

Then I was at the state line. I ran across the border with all the grace and poise I could muster. Then I stopped and looked back. There lay the nation's third-largest state. It had taken me 41 days to get to this spot. I was very proud of myself. I wanted to tell everyone what I had just

They made good reading, since I was interested in how the state had come to be. And the trivial little facts when taken together gave me a fairly complete understanding. If no one else, they were of interest to me.

We crossed the Rogue River and moved northward. My feet and lower legs were sore. The shoes I had worn

long after that. It was not until we reached Coos Bay that we found a sporting-goods store where I could buy some shoes. Mom had been there earlier in the day and had talked to the saleslady, telling her about our trip. Apparently that is not all she talked about, because when I got to the store there was a photographer waiting. I had told Mom that I did not care to publicize my trip. I really didn't have a reason for this; only that I am on the shy side when it comes to talking about myself. But I guess that cannot be all true. This story is witness to that.

I consented to have my picture taken. And the story had already been filed, because Mom had blabbed everything. But I forgave her, admitting that it was exciting.

After the pictures were taken I talked to the photographer, Jiri Lott. He used to live down in San Diego, so we soon had a good conversation going. Plus I was a budding photo nut, so photography was the leading topic. As luck would have it, the shop had the type of shoes I wanted but not the size. Mom had overlooked that specification. I wanted the make of shoe I had been wearing through most of California. I wanted them bad enough to wait till I found some, pain or no pain. In the weeks to come I realized that I had made a mistake not buying another type. I never found what I wanted. In Oregon I continued to run in my mismatched pair.

We decided to take the next day off. We would wait and see how the article in the paper came out. It was a good alibi for our postering consciences.

The next morning I went back to the mall to shop and wait for the paper to come out. Just before noon I saw boys hawking papers. I bought one and quickly turned to the sports section. Then, smack on the front page, was a picture of me sitting on the sidewalk in my worn shoes. This was the first time I had had my picture in the paper, so I was proud. And the story wasn't bad, either, save for the few little mistakes that would matter to no one but myself. For the rest of the afternoon I strolled around town, half hoping someone would recognize me, and stop me and ask me questions. But it didn't happen. I don't even think the man sitting across the other side of the mall, who would look at me occasionally, realized that I was the person



done. But no one save Mom was there to see me. It was rather sad.

Oregon

Mom and I stopped to eat in Pistol River, a town with historical significance, although I can't remember it now. Something about a very bloody fight with Indians.

Moving on, I had to climb up a 700-foot summit near Cape Sebastian. Close to the top there were lots of sheep grazing. They had either gotten loose from a ranch, or the hillside was part of the ranch. I didn't see any fences. I was glad for the sign along the coast of Oregon,

through most of California had frayed to the point of pain. I had had to change them that morning, or at least one of them. Only one of the shoes was really bad. The other was still usable. So I put on one of the original shoes I had stuffed in the back of the car and one of the second pair. Not surprisingly, I ended up with what felt like shin splints or a cracking bone. It was hard to run. I had planned on buying a new pair of shoes somewhere; now I knew I would have to. And soon! I walked a ways to the campground that night because of the pain. But when it became dark I started to run fast. I found the campground not

he was reading about in his newspaper.

Mom bought 10 papers to send to people and to keep, and then, while taking a picture of the sunset I bumped into Jim Lott. I went over to his house and met his family. And of course we talked photography. He even let me slip an ultra-wide-angle lens on my camera and use it for a few shots. Then it was back "home." Salad for dinner, dreams for sleep.

On the way out of the Coos Bay area a couple of people recognized me from the newspaper and honked as they passed. I felt good about that; it was much nicer than having people yelling idiocies like "Run, run, run!" I will never understand why people do it. They must be extremely jealous. And there are an awful lot of jealous people around. I wish I had a dime for every one of them that I encountered; I would probably be a rich man.

Near Yachats I was nearly killed. I was running on the left side of the road, as usual. Suddenly a flashy-looking car came ripping down on me from behind. I didn't hear it till it was within a few feet. The jerk honked to scare me—and succeeded. His bumper was only inches from my legs. I quickly realized what he was doing—passing a car. But he went far over to the left purposely trying to frighten me. He came close to murder. The second he, or she, passed I yelled a line of obscenities going his way. I meant every word and sure hope he heard. The driver of the car that had been passed looked at me, and his face expressed terror. I had been scared many times so far, but not like that. Jackass!

On Aug. 21, near Lincoln City, I passed the 45th parallel. I stood on the exact center, between the equator and the North Pole. I just stood there thinking about how I had left my home south of the 33rd and had traveled only 12 parallels since. I had four left to go before reaching the Canadian border on the 48th parallel. It is a big world.

Tillamook is the home of a world-famous cheddar. It is said to be the best anywhere because it is made naturally, without any preservatives or other harmful chemicals. And Mom had been talking with a man who knew the headman at the factory. He called his friend and told him about us; how I loved cheese and would be a good advertisement for his company if a photographer were there

to take pictures of me eating their product. The manager agreed and invited us to visit. I agreed, but was a little hesitant about getting my picture taken.

However, our first stop in town was at a shoe shop. They had a pair at a bargain price: \$11. Back home the same shoes would cost close to \$18. These weren't the type I was looking for and not the right size, either (they were 13s instead of 12s). But I needed shoes badly and I took them. I also bought a cot, a little take-apart type, to sleep on, because some nights the ground was wet or I was muscle-sore, and I did not feel like sleeping on the ground.

I then proceeded to run to the cheese factory, which was only a few miles up the road. We went to the office to meet the boss. He was a nice guy, interested in what we were doing. But the photographer hadn't shown up. I was glad about that. Mom told the manager how much I liked cheese so the man had the girls in the salesroom give me a five-pound loaf of the cheese which was worth \$6. I thanked him very much.

It was my half birthday that day; in other words, I was exactly 34½. The cheese was a nice present.

The land was getting woodier, with more frequent stands of evergreens. There were not as many logging trucks as there were down south, and I was glad, for they make running on a two-lane highway risky.

I continued to take my time getting anywhere. I enjoyed exploring. I would stop in a small store and buy an ice-cream cone. Or I would just sit and look at the boats in a harbor.

I stopped at the perimeter of a high school near Manhattan Beach to watch the football team practice and the cross-country team work out. I wanted to talk to the runners and the coach to find out what their team was like and a million other things. I felt left out, even though I didn't belong there. Finally I gave up and walked away from the place, wondering if one of the guys would be running the way I was, and would catch up with me and stop and talk. But this did not happen.

Crossing A Barrier

Beyond Astoria, the last city in Oregon, lay the mighty Columbia River, four miles wide. And beyond that lay the Evergreen State, Washington. I could

see it from where I stood, green and lovely, waiting for me to praise my little feet on its surface. But I couldn't. Not at that moment, at least. For I had to find Mom. I had told her I would mail her at the Astoria post office. But when I went there she wasn't around. I waited and waited, wishing all the time I could be in Washington.

I walked the city streets, up and down, looking everywhere with no luck. Just a lot of name-calling from dummies because I was the only one in town wearing running shorts. I got tired of it all, so I went into a bowling alley to escape. Out the window I saw our red truck going by. I knew the way Mom drove by heart, and wasn't wrong. I sprinted from the building, chasing my mother up the street. I caught up and knocked on the window. She told me she had thought I wouldn't make it all the way to Astoria, so she had doubled back toward some of the towns we had passed.

The main problem the following day was getting to Washington. I had been looking forward to the crossing at Astoria. The 4.1-mile bridge was the only means of crossing the Columbia. The ferry had been discontinued, besides, I couldn't take that if I were to run all the way.

But at the toll booth I was astonished to find out that pedestrians were not allowed on the bridge. I had to cross, I had to. I couldn't stop now. Mom and I talked to the fare collector about the rule. He said that was the rule, and that he couldn't change it. What could I do? The man suggested we go over and talk to an officer at the highway patrol headquarters. We did. He said he couldn't do a thing, and suggested trying harder to talk the toll collector into the crossing.

I went back to the booth in the middle of the roadway and waited, hoping to get a chance to talk to the man, who was busy doing his job. When the moment came, I explained my situation, telling how I had run over 1,400 miles to get to that particular spot. I told him how the success of my journey depended on the bridge—and on him. One of my biggest arguments about the rule was the fact that bikers were allowed to cross. I explained that I could run as fast as most of them pedaled up the ramp of the bridge. The man pondered for a while, and finally gave in. He explained that the reason he was so reluctant was because

continued

On the run

He would be responsible if I were to fall off the bridge. I assured him that I was an excellent swimmer, thanked him, and then asked Mom for some money to pay the fare across. He said to forget it, that he would never be able to explain it to his boss.

Relieved of the pressure I had been feeling up to that moment, I started across. I had a race with a little fishing boat traveling alongside the bridge. But to tell you the truth, the man in the boat never knew I was there until I had caught up and waded. At least I had won the race. And I was in the state of Washington at last.

And now I will tell you the honest truth. Had the toll collector not let me over the bridge, I would have swum across the Columbia. I really would have; and I would not have been afraid to. But I am glad he let me cross, for we didn't have many towels that I could have used to dry off.

WASHINGTON

I traveled deep into Washington. As I ran I listened to the sounds of springs coming from the hillsides all around me. A little rain fell, giving life to the trees and the land. I climbed up, and I roared down. It was wonderfully enjoyable, because I knew where I was and how I had gotten there. I was Jim Dunn. Maybe I was the youngest person to ever run the distance. I didn't know, but somehow I wanted someone to know what I was doing.

I passed a cyclist and said, "Hello. Where are you from?" Later I was glad I had uttered those words, for I found another friend through them. I don't remember his name, but I remember his merits well. He had been riding his bike from New Mexico to Canada, and was then heading to California. We sat on the side of the road vigorously discussing our trips, each more interested in the other's than his own. He was 26 and admired my confidence and fortitude. I admired

him for his independence and courage. He would sleep anywhere, like in the Canadian Rockies where bears abound. Or he would just spend the night next to a well-traveled road. When we split up to go our own ways, his south, mine north, I felt a sense of loss. I could have talked all day to him, gathering information like a bee gathering pollen. But it was getting late and I had to make miles. So did he.

I made it to the city of Tacoma on Sept. 1. I had run much of the way on a road that wound through forests. I loved the land that I was in now, but it seemed I was never able to enjoy it as I should have, for that thought of "You must move on" was always in my head.

The weather turned hot. It was the beginning of the Labor Day weekend. People were moving north, heading to the mountains or to the ocean. I couldn't blame them. It was the perfect day to go out and do something like that.

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LONG ON TASTE

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The road going south was just as crowded. Everyone was going somewhere, it seemed. The miles to the Tacoma Narrows bridge were long, but they went fast. I was now able to see Mount Rainier, a delight to the eyes. I love the look of a mountain. It makes you give the planet Earth the respect you owe it. Things like that really let you know who's boss. After all, can a man build a Mount Rainier? Certainly not. And I would hate to see the day when he tries.

Soon, I could see the towers of the Narrows bridge. Then I was there, and across.

I met Mom at the base of the bridge in a park. She had gotten us a motel in downtown Tacoma, still seven miles away. We talked about the bridge and how much it looked like the Golden Gate. Only the Narrows bridge was green, not orange like the Gate. It was pretty, even if it was manmade.

I took my time running to the motel, mainly because I love to look around. I passed a stadium where a crowd was flocking to see a baseball game. I ran through a small section of thick trees. Then came the houses and buildings, everything a city has. Cars, roads galore, and now, a real freeway. It was Interstate 5, the same freeway that passes no more than a quarter mile from my home in Del Mar. I hadn't seen this freeway since leaving San Clemente on the fifth of July. It seemed strange that this bank of concrete would bring me within a spit of my home.

I went to bed happy, in my 40-mile mood. I had gone that far this day, and would do the same the next. Just ahead was Seattle, another landmark of the trip.

The next day I arranged to meet Mom near the Seattle-Tacoma International Airport. I wanted to take a side trip to see the facility. Through all the hard going I never lost my interest in air-

ports, and planned on seeing this one.

When I got to the Sea-Tac Airport, I couldn't find Mom. I knew she was nearby, but I didn't know where, for we hadn't really picked a spot where we would meet. I decided to tour the airport before spending more time searching for her.

Finally I went back to Highway 99 that ran parallel to the airport, looking for Mom. I didn't have any luck and didn't know what to do. I went back and forth. Still no luck. So I decided I would go on to Seattle and worry about it later. I wanted to get to Seattle before night came. As I ran I expected Mom to come driving by any minute, but she never did. I would stop every so often and look to the south, to see if she was coming. But she never did. Before I knew it I saw the famous Space Needle in the distance. It was another landmark to be passed. Although I was worried about Mom, I was thrilled to be near the Needle. It wasn't the

continued



piece of meat itself, but just the fact that I was there, under my own steam. It had taken two months.

I went into the city, where there were thousands of people doing different things. I guess that I looked pretty dumb in my little shorts, for I received some weird stares. But I was too happy—and worried—to bother. I walked along the streets, going up and down, trying to get used to the place. I headed for the Seattle Center, where the 1962 World's Fair had been held. It was also the place where the Needle is. I wanted to see that up close.

When I got there, people were going every which way. It was the Labor Day weekend. I wandered for a long time, just looking at all of the different things people were doing and buying. It got to be too much for me, and I foolishly spent my last quarter on a very small ice cream cone. It was all I would have to eat that night. It was tasty, but it was going too soon, before I could really get the pleasure out of it.

I called the police department and explained to the lady on the phone what the situation was. I told her if Mom should call and inquire about me, I would be at the station. Although I told her everything necessary, I still don't think that she understood what I was trying to say, which was simple. I want my Mommy.

I sat under the Space Needle, waiting for Mom to show up. I sat and sat, hoping that she would have talked to the police, and come to get me. But she didn't. I sat there until the place closed. She hadn't come, and it looked as if she wasn't going to. I decided to go to the police station downtown.

I didn't have any idea where it was, but I was determined to find it. Because I am on the shy side, I didn't ask anyone where the station was, just headed toward what I felt looked like official buildings. Those buildings were just banks or office buildings. I walked around some other buildings, but still no luck in finding the police station. Maybe the city didn't have one. I walked into an all-night bail bondsman's office. I asked him where the P.D. was. He pointed his finger to the building across the street. I had walked past it several times, even though there was a large enough sign that said "P.D." above the door.

I went in, and found the lost-and-found desk. I gave the sergeant the in-

formation I had given the lady on the phone. A couple of minutes later a phone rang. The officer's face lit up as he said, "Yes, he is sitting right here." I had found her, or she had found me, or they had found us, or whatever. The important thing was that Mom could stop worrying, for I knew she must have been doing just that. It was close to 2 a.m.

McMurray

Mom and I next headed north of Everett. For the most part it was a pretty road. I was back out in the land again. There weren't as many pine trees as before, but it was beautiful. As McMurray, I had a pleasant change of pace. As I was paving a farmhouse some kids came up and asked what I was doing. I told them. They then asked me if I was a truck star. I could have misled them, but I wasn't the type to pretend to be something I am not. I told them no, but I wouldn't mind being one. I told them that I was just like them, human. Only I had a dream, a great desire. I urged them to try to do something that others would call foolish, for they would be much happier. They followed me for a while, but they could not keep up and turned back. For a minute, I felt like Peter Pan.

Along parts of the road, I would pick wild fruit. There were many apple and plum trees. I stocked up on the various natural goodies. I probably could have lived off the land for months there, without ever having to travel more than a mile.

Uxuxux

Sept. 7. It had cleared. The sun was shining as if just for me. Like God in Goshen, I was pleased. The rain clouds that had dominated the sky were gone.

As I left Bellingham I carried a Xerox of a county map. I would need it to find my way along the country roads that were otherwise unmarked.

I met Mom on the outskirts of Bellingham, and we made our last safety checks. I assured her I was feeling O.K., and she assured me she knew the way and was O.K. herself. She left for the town of Blaine, 20 miles for her, 22 for me. I watched the red truck as it pulled out of sight. It was leaving me behind for the last time. Now all I had to do was run to where that little truck was going. After that it would be over.

I carefully followed the county roads

on the map. In the distance I could see the mountains I knew to be within Canada. And with every step I got closer. I could smell victory closing in.

I needed a horse and buggy along the road near Ferndale. The driver didn't seem to notice me till he had finally turned into his driveway. I kept up a steady pace with the animal. I tried hard, but I wasn't able to pass the horse.

Near a high school a bystander asked if I were a student there. The question reminded me of the date, for I could soon be a student. But for the time being I was a runner and put all other thoughts out of my head. I wanted my mind to be clear to reflect and ponder the events that had happened in the last two months of my life.

The land around me was magnificent. And now it seemed even better. I would have to grasp the sights I saw and hold them, in hopes that one day I would be able to save them in my memory. I was closing in on Blaine. It was within sight. Only a couple of miles.

As I drew closer, I wanted to cry, to weep, to yell or scream—some sort of emotional release. But it wouldn't come. It just stayed in my head. Within the last 5,280 feet, my head was on fire like a man feeling his life coming to an end, everything that had happened to me on the trek passed through my mind. I was ablaze with the joys and the pains. Everything was there.

I could see the Peace Arch in the distance. The Peace Arch, that gleaming white memorial to the continued peace between two great countries, marked the border, the nation's line, the 49th parallel and the realization of a dream.

Mom had not found the actual boundary line yet, and as I passed her she yelled for me to wait. With no sense of power on the face of the earth could have stopped me then. I hoped that Mom would understand as I sped past her, determined.

I raced on in the green grass, on which the memorial stood. Proudly, I ran straight, with a single spot on the grass in my mind. An invisible line stretched before my coasting body.

And then that line was broken, and I was over. I was in Canada. And the journey was over.

I stood there on Canadian soil, catching my breath. I was alone, no one had seen me, no one was there. I was alone.

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—John Barkham, *San Francisco Chronicle*



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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

STRIKE TALK

Ben

I find it very disappointing that most people seem to have no sympathy for the players in the NFL strike and side almost completely with the owners (Star-Spangled Ganton, Aug. 5). I felt compelled to speak out in favor of the players.

The press and the public by and large see the NFL players as spoiled, rich and greedy with no loyalty whatsoever to the home team or to the fans who pay to see them. They see the fans as the ultimate victims, robbed of the pleasure of attending professional sports events by the sheer callousness and avarice of the players. Whatever happened, they ask, to the good old days when loyalty and pride were stronger incentives than money and a player considered himself lucky to become that idol of millions, a professional athlete?

While it is indeed unfortunate that professional sport has become so involved with monetary issues, the inescapable fact is that sport is a business, and it is unfair to blame this development on the athletes alone. Athletes are no more than one component in a complex of factors that have contributed to the current situation.

Apparently the public does not realize how professional sports are operated on the playing field. The fan demands total loyalty from a player no matter what the personal cost, yet the owners, despite their admitted deficits, are the first to discard loyalty in favor of money when it comes to dealing with their players. There are very few, if any, owners in professional sports who actually take into consideration loyalty and pride in their dealings; profit and profit alone is the overriding consideration.

The demands of professional athletes for more freedom within their trade are at the very least worth listening to.

—Gordon Varnum

San Jose, Calif.

Ben

The football players at Elmore County High School hope the NFL players' strike will not end too soon. It has been a source of great amusement to us. We have enjoyed a few light moments by threatening our head coach with walking off and striking in the same manner as the pros. We are paid nothing, we receive few benefits and we don't even know what they mean by freedom. We play because we love football. Too bad all the strikers can't suffer losing seasons this year.

—Tom Cronin

I electric, Ala.

Ben

For the life of me I cannot understand the NFL players' rabid opposition to the "Ro-

zelle Rule." Any NFL player worth his salt was paid a substantial bonus to sign when drafted. Why should an owner give him up without compensation?

—GORDON F. PLATT

Grand Beach, Ill.

Ben

Pro football owners and players alike should know that their antics have led me to refuse an offer of season tickets, an offer I've eagerly awaited while languishing on the 400 waiting list.

—JAMES H. ANDERSON

San Francisco

Ben

Being an avid reader of SI, I have always concluded it to be excellent. That is until I read the article on the WFL (Redd Jeter Gatorz Movie Gold, July 22). I have watched the first two WFL televised games, and these will be my last. I play football at North College Hill High School, and our team is worth more space in your magazine than any WFL team. Instead of glamorizing this bush league, why not write about the 28 veteran Cincinnati Bengals who cared enough about football to defy this stupid NFLPA strike? These men are the real heroes of the game.

—BRIAN LUTZ

Cincinnati

Ben

In your article, *Isolation: Kick-Butt* (July 15) you claimed, "The NFL Players Association called a strike and became the first group of professional athletes ever to picket their employers." The knee you could do is give credit where it is due. The first group was made up of the veteran players of the Canadian Football League, who went on strike a month before the NFL players did.

Another first for the CFL is that it managed to settle differences before the regular season was affected. A third first is that during the strike the CFL still managed to put on its All-Star Game.

—RORY MCGEE

Wexford, Ontario

SMORE SIGNALS

Ben

Every summer we here in Ohio have a standing joke that perhaps this will be the year we have an "all-Ohio World Series."

The Cincinnati Reds' *Offense the Daily in the Red Wars*, June 24, are usually a sure bet to overlook whomever they happen to be trading at the All-Star break. We expect that.

The joke lies in the fact that the Cleveland Indians (*It Happened in Cleveland*) with the Indians, July 26) have never fared as well. The Tribe has often had trouble overlooking anybody,

either before or after the All-Star break.

But not so this year. The Indians are alive and well and headed for first place. In fact, maybe the people of Ohio will be spending a few early October days taking short drives into either Cleveland or Cincinnati to watch the master, Gaylord Perry, battle the hunter, Pete Rose. And won't that be a season performance?

—JOHN WALKER

Marysville, Ohio

DPTD

Ben

Ted St. Martin's suggestion (Sports Illustrated 24) that there is a place in basketball for the designed free-throw shooter is in no sense innovative. For approximately the first 20 years of the century that was exactly what basketball had. Until the 1923-24 season one player was permitted to shoot all free throws for his team. This led to some prodigious scoring feats in a time when the averages of most players were far below today's mark. For most of the period in which this rule was in effect, free throws were awarded not only for personal fouls but also for what are now known as violations, such as traveling with the ball and double dribbling.

In Kansas, which has one of the richest basketball traditions in the country, the list of all-time single-game high scorers includes the name of Lully Spauld, who in 1913 scored 40 points against Washington University of St. Louis. Only Web C. Chamberlain, Clyde Lovellette, Bud Stallworth, B. H. Born and Walt Wesley ever scored more points in a single Kansas game. Jo Jo White never did. Spauld did a 26-14 field goals and 12 free throws. He still holds the all-time Kansas free-throw record for conference games with 274.

The all-time Kansas single-game free-throw record goes all the way back to 1911, when Vern Long, the designated free-throw shooter tall enough of course he wasn't called that, scored 22 against the Kansas City Athletic Club. My recollection is that the rule was changed to put the need of a premium on versatility. Now the man seems to be to go the other way, as witness not only the designated shooter but the suggestion for designated home runs.

—JOHN FERGUSON

Farmers, Kans.

Ben

As an avid basketball player, fan and conversant free-throw shooter, I was extremely interested in your item on Ted St. Martin and his record of 281 consecutive free throws. This is an amazing feat, however, for some time I have been under the impression that the official record for most consecutive free throws was 499, set by Harold (Bunny) Lewis.

it in 1935. I am now curious as to which of these is the record to shoot for.

JACK STEWART

Brown Mills, N.J.

• Try for Levi's.—E.D.

TALE TOLD OUT OF SCHOOL

Sir:

Concerning your article on Del Miller (*Shrewsbury River Annual*, July 29), about 19 years ago a colleague of mine told the following story on herself.

Miller was a member of a junior high social studies class she was teaching. The pupils were given the assignment of choosing a vacation they would like to follow, doing research on it and writing a report on their choice. When my friend saw that Miller had written about horses, she went to the principal for advice. Should she accept this paper? Was raising horses a serious vocation? The principal advised her to accept the paper since Del's grandfather did have horses on his farm, and with some ringings, she gave Del credit for it.

She thought it was a good joke on herself when she later followed Del's career in horse racing. If she were living today she would really laugh at her own imaginings. I wonder if anyone else in that junior high class followed the vocation he or she wrote about. Surely no one could have been more successful than Mr. Miller.

ELIZABETH W. STROM

Johnstown, Pa.

PRINCIPAL OBJECTION

Sir:

Is it a trend or a sign of the times? In one issue (July 29) I find Alvin Dark speaking "darkly," Pecos Reber speaking "soberly," and Al DeRegatta being "derogated." Somewhere I had truly expected to find Myron Cope "voicing." Or did I miss it?

MURIEL G. FITZGERALD

Principal

Chesles High School

Chesles, Va.

PAID STARTS

Sir:

The recent *SENIORCARD* item "Off the Mark" (June 26) gave a typical uneducated track fan's opinion of the starter. Contrary to the author's feelings, starting is a very serious business, and to label all starters "prima donnas" is rash.

The real prima donnas are the non-existent sprinters who are trying to upset the world-class dash men as well as harass the starters. With the new false-start rule, this problem of undue delay will soon be corrected.

This year's NCAA championships had two of the nation's finest starters. I've had the pleasure of working with both of these

(continued)

THE RED BARON.

Orange juice, grenadine and lime.
And the gin that's perfect all ways.
Seagram's Extra Dry.

RED BARON RECIPE

1 ounce Seagram's Extra

1 ounce Orange Juice

wedge of lime

dash of grenadine.

Seagram's Extra Dry.
The perfect martini gin. Perfect all ways.

Offshore floating nuclear power plants will appear as a silhouette on the horizon from ocean beaches. This offshore location offers an alternate to site problems in congested areas along our coastline.



Tenneco's natural gas pipeline system, the largest in the nation, delivers clean burning energy to utilities serving 25 states with 134 million population.



Model of floating nuclear power plant. Located inside heavy concrete breaker a few miles from land.

Direct Division of Tenneco's J.I. Case manufacturing heavy construction machinery such as the Cray-Crane.



Outlet view of a catalytic converter which will help purify auto exhaust emissions. Tenneco's Walker Manufacturing is now producing these converters for new automobiles at a new plant in Ohio.



Tenneco's offshore drilling operation reach from the Gulf of Mexico to the British North Sea to the Red Sea to the Gulf of Suez.

Through Tenneco Chemicals we upgrade oil and gas feedstocks into ingredients for synthetic rubber, plastics and other consumer products.



USS California is the latest nuclear-powered ship built for the Navy by Tenneco's Newport News Shipbuilding. Others now under construction include Greenhow, Nimrod, Texas and South Carolina.





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It's our nuclear powered idea
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Developed with the pooled resources of Tenneco and Westinghouse, in a joint enterprise called Offshore Power Systems, this new system promises to give many of our coastal areas the benefits of nuclear power.

Construction costs will benefit from the manufacturing concept: standard plant units built on a production line basis in a shipyard-type facility now being prepared in Florida.

Why is this plan important? The simple fact is, the need for additional sources of energy is vital. And in the future, the demand will even be greater. Drawing from our experience in building nuclear ships,

Tenneco, along with Westinghouse, will be in a position to help meet that demand with the Floating Offshore Nuclear Power Plant.

It's one of many areas in which Tenneco has been building with the future in mind. In auto exhaust systems, we are under contract to supply catalytic emission control hardware to a major manufacturer. In petroleum, we are exploring many promising areas of the world. In natural gas pipelining, we are taking steps to increase our supply of gas.

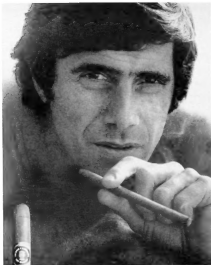
We are also finding new ways to package the nation's goods. Expanding our shipyard and adding to our chemical capacity for plastics.

Building better construction and farm equipment. Marketing fresher premium quality Sun Giant® fruits and vegetables.

In all, it looks like a pretty good future on the horizon.

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A&C Saber.

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Antonio Y Cleopatra.

BIRTH MOLE *continued*

gentleman. They kept the runners under control and each got a fair and equal start—the way the rules read.

KELLY BLASING

Lawrence, Kans.

THE TIES THAT GRIND

Sir:

Bobby Fischer's idea that chess draws be disallowed has merit (*A King Takes Himself off the Board*, July 15). The weakness of the draw is that it rewards neither player, wastes time and permits the cautious player to play for the draw and hope his opponent will over-reach himself.

All chess players will admit that white, the first to move, has a definite plus and that black generally must conform to the opening pattern set by white. The history of tournament play shows that white wins far more often than black. Indeed, many masters thought they would hardly admit (i) play to win with white and to draw with black. An improvement over Fischer's play would be to award a "quality point" to black for a draw but no such point to white, since white has the initiative and should be forced to exploit it, whereas black's first concern is to stay even. Then should a match end in a 9-9 tie, the player with the most quality points would win.

THE REV. E. M. CROFT

Davenport, Iowa

SHELL GAME

Sir:

Re your Science/you item "Sinking Feeling" (July 15), on the radical crew shall designed for economy, the British have missed the boat. I worked five years for the MIT crew team, the ultimate in rowing experiments. They tried all kinds of liquids and solvents for hull surfaces, Styrofoam hulls, fiber glass, hollowed-out pieces, electronic stress gauges and photographic studies and I towed several radical hull designs all over the Charles. Nothing really worked.

Harvard's national championship victory (*Smooth and Sleak and Fast*, July 1) is based on the real secret of success. Despite the Harvard's cockiness, they have earned their laurels with many hours of pain-filled work. They always rowed twice as many hours as any other crew on the river. They ran steps, lifted weights and worked hard all year to do one thing: move a shell through the water. If England wants a top-success formula for increasing speed and saving money, here it is: buy an old eight and get good men to power it.

WALTER H. BROWN

Montreal

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Hobo Casuals

When you get to the top of the mountain this winter, have us waiting at the bottom. Our Rand Hobo Casuals will make after-ski everything it ought to be. But, why wait? Life's that nice all year round in our good, soft suede that floats on a cushion of crepe. Rand has it made in the shade of your choice. And the price is just as nice. Most Rand styles \$16 to \$25.

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